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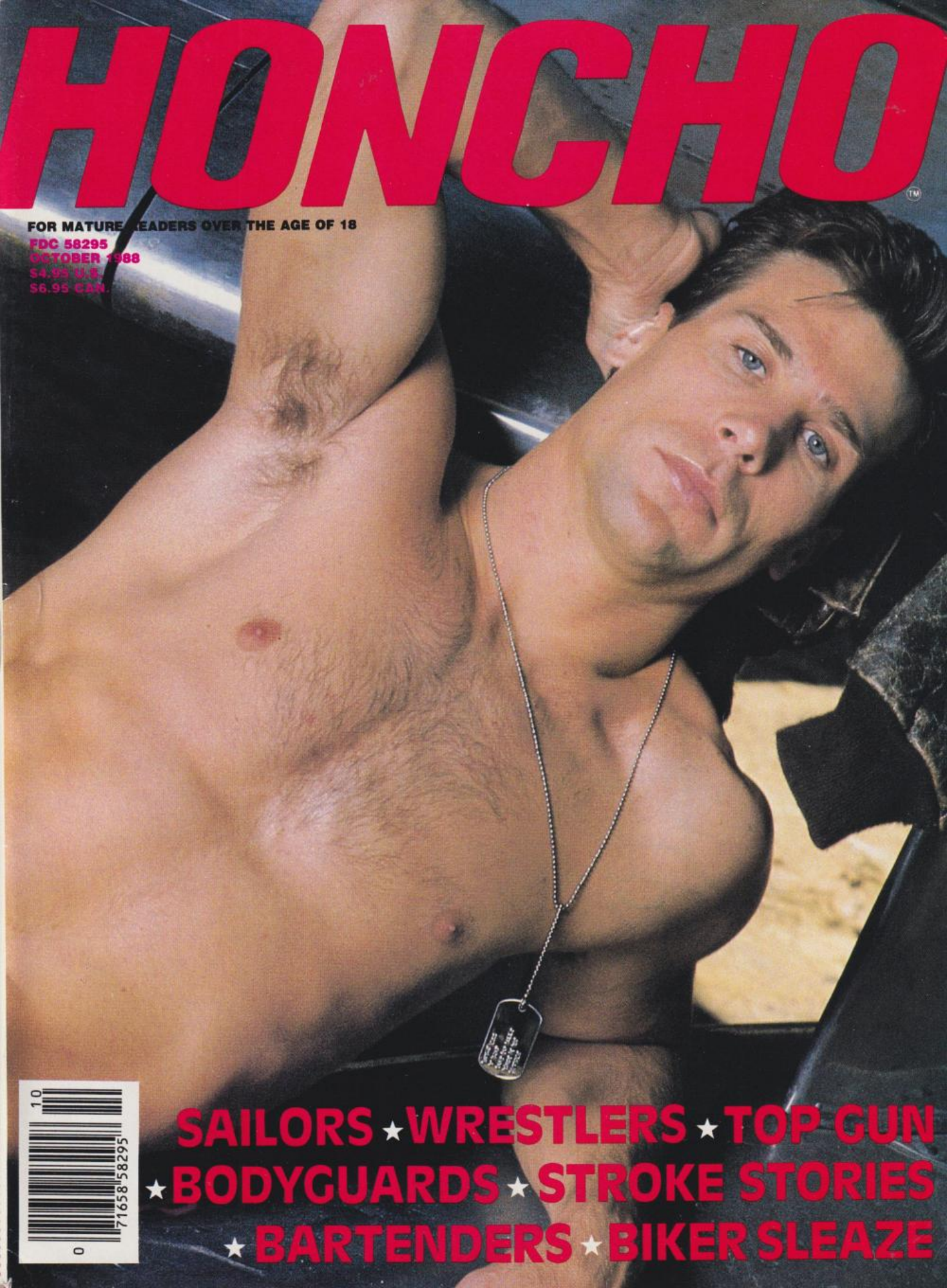

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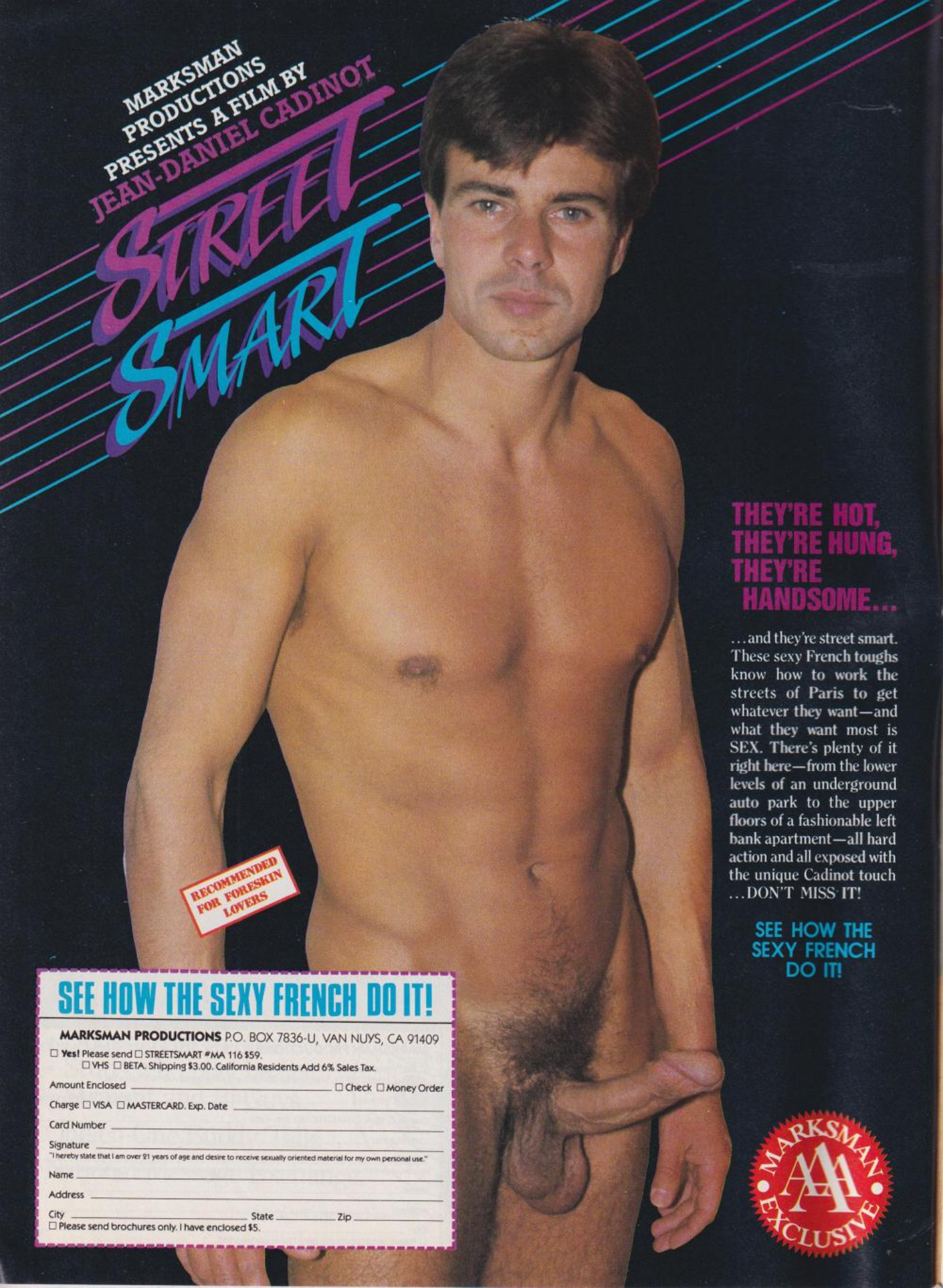

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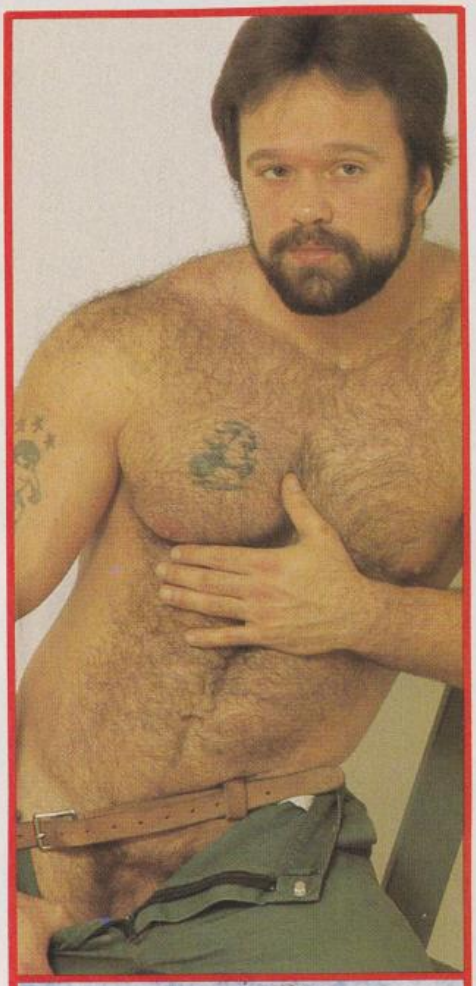

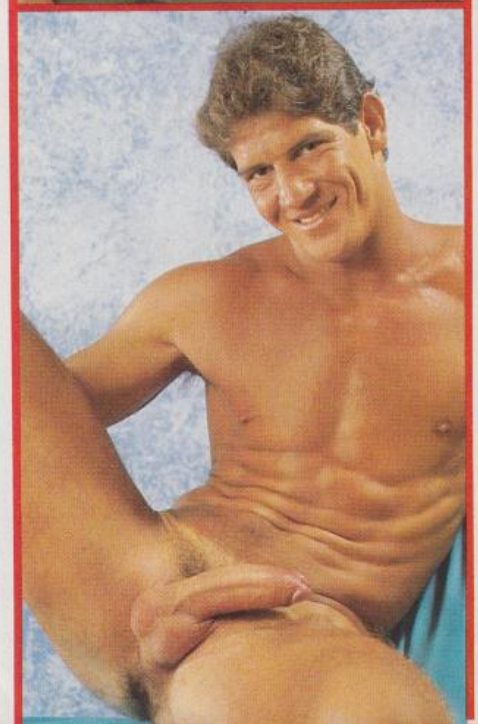

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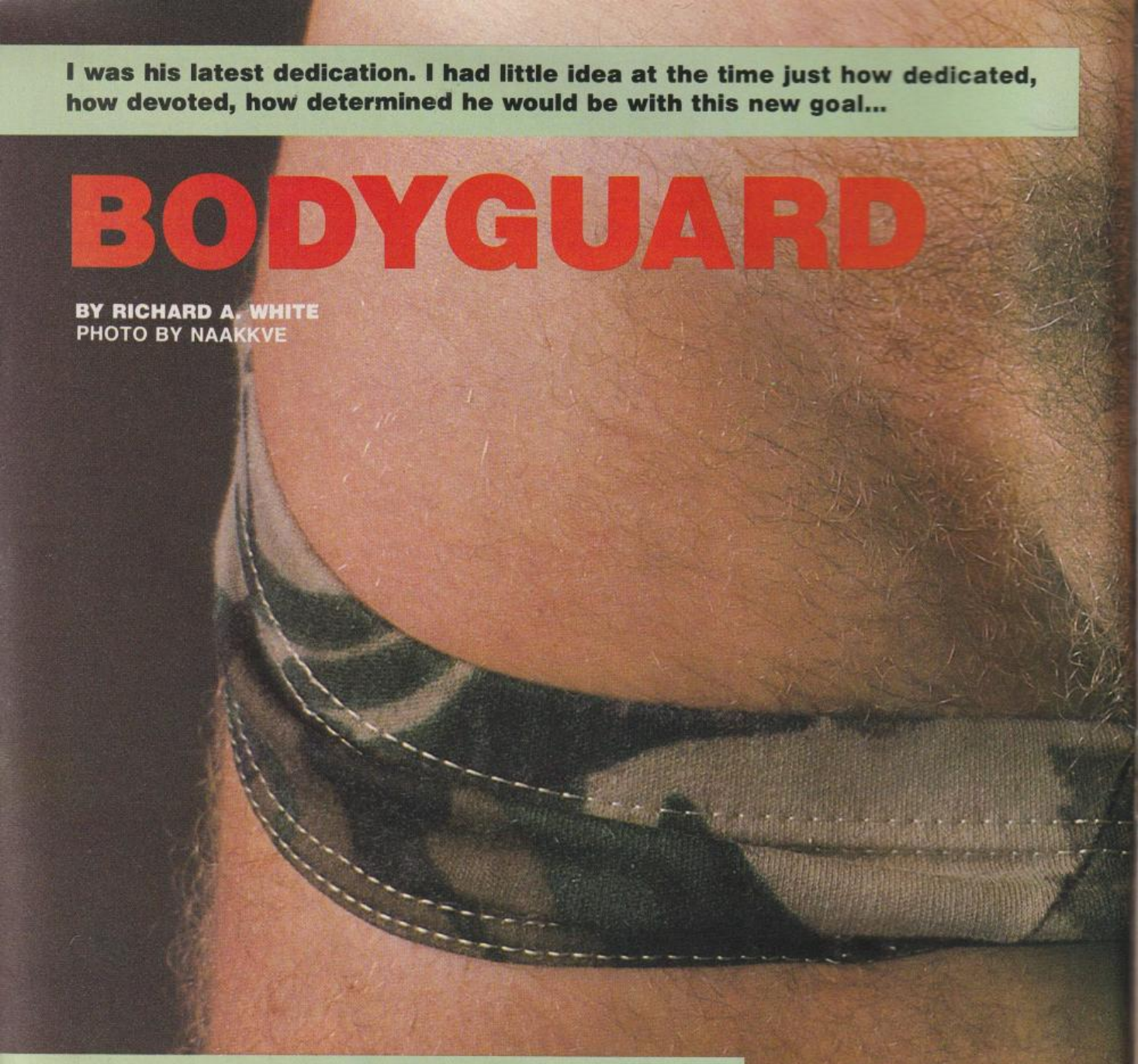
I was his latest dedication. I had little idea at the time just how dedicated, how devoted, how determined he would be with this new goal...

BODYGUARD

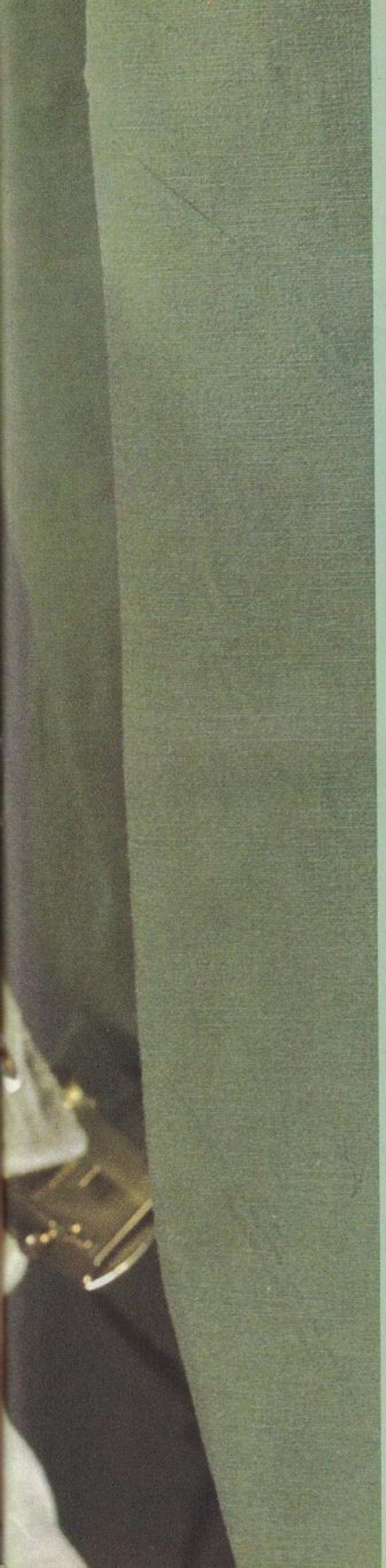
BY RICHARD A. WHITE
PHOTO BY NAAKKVE



I won the court but not the public. No one outside the military believed that I had *no* part in the security leak at the American embassy in Moscow. My hearing had eliminated all doubt in the minds of the panel. But my testimony was kept secret. For good reason. I was suspected of being enticed by counter-agents and leaking information on our involvement in Nicaragua. Not very likely...the counter-agents were female, and I only fuck with men...Marines, when I can get 'em! But my sexuality was kept from the general public, and thus from the Russians. My usefulness would be negated if that fact became public. The other two Marines at the Ambassador's residence were proven guilty. Video-tapes of their bedrooms proved it. Tapes of my bedroom only proved that I beat off a lot.

They were afraid for my safety after the hearing results hit the media. So I was assigned a bodyguard. Jim MacQuarrie, ('Mack' to his supporters, and Mac *QUEER*ie to his detractors) was not someone you'd wanna go up against in a bad mood. Six-foot-four, three hundred

His cock bulged out of his fatigues. I fumbled for the fly, then out it sprang...thick, hard, hairy, just like the rest of him. His foreskin still hooded the thick head...



pounds of hair, bone, and muscle, he was a walking fucking poster for heroes in the Marines! His eyes never missed a thing. Piercing blue...they could seem like ice or heaven, depending on his feelings about you. In my mind, I always see a butt hanging out of his mouth, a half-smile on his thick lips, and his eyes lidded in concentration.

Concentration...Mack had mastered it. Mastery of anything requires long effort, patience, and being willing to keep going even when it seems you're not getting anywhere. Patience was a hallmark of Mack's nature. He'd trained himself to have it...he wasn't born with it. Mastery means having an ability under your belt...no thinking was any longer involved in the ability. You *had* it! Mack had patience. Mack had endurance. Mack had a body carved from years of patience, practice, and determination.

The problem with being a master, aside from the obvious ones involving self-discipline, is that others who are hacks or dabblers are envious of what you accomplish. Mack was much hated. He was a formidable D.I. He was a rock-hewn athlete. He read constantly. His mind was as carefully honed as his body. Nothing cracked him, nothing evaded his vision. He was harder on you if you were good than if you were inadequate. Mastery means reaching ever higher, and Mack would be there to tongue-lash you forward to that next brass ring. *His* newest brass ring was my life. It was in his hands.

Mack worked out daily, religiously. Not because he wanted to be any bigger...how much bigger could he get? No, he did it for the joy of the practice...the dedication to an ideal. His whole life was an evocation of that mind-set...Dedication to the Ideal. Even when his career as a Marine would end, Mack knew what he would do with his life. He would serve his deals in the guise of an undercover agent. His first step in that direction was as my body-guard. I would teach him, he would protect me...a perfect symbiosis. Mack was a master. I was *his* master. Perfect...and, oh yes...I loved the man from the depths of my being.

Staying on this path of his life, Mack had created a vivid place for himself. The ups, downs, setbacks, and pains of *staying* on his path had made a man of subtlety and vision, a man of joy and ferocity. His path was the most reliable thing in his life, because it *WAS* his life. Marine...agent...athlete...the form of the path mattered less than the dedication to *staying* on the path. I was his latest dedication. I had little idea at the time just how dedicated, how devoted, how determined he would be with this new goal...this new addition to his path.

With the same rapt devotion Mack had given to pumping iron, he was now pumping, nursing and swallowing my cock. His deep groanings gave evidence of how long and frantically he'd waited for me.

Watching Mack work out was a truly sublime experience. Muscles, mind and spirit welded together in him to create physical poetry on the level of literary genius. He could press pound after pound, with long rivers of sweat running off the hairs on his chest. Veins would pulse up, pencil thick, all over his arms and across his shoulders. Roadmaps to his accomplishment, these veins were the source, the very blood of my safety. I cherished them. His legs squatted with hundreds of pounds of iron on them, and then, after

CONTINUED TO PAGE 70

CUM ON!
YOU KNOW YOU WANNA TAKE A PEEK!

JOSH'S JERK-OFF JOURNAL

Journal Entry, August 20, 1988

Had to get myself off twice tonight 'fore I could even think 'bout sleepin'. Damn thing wouldn't go down after the first time!

Tried somethin' new, kinda hot. Put a watermelon out on the porch, ('fore work this mornin'). Let it get all hot inside. (Temp. out there was 96 degrees today.) Got home from the garage, horny as hell. Nothin' new. Put some towels on the bed, cut a nice big hole in the end o' that watermelon and laid over the top of it. Fucked it like an ass. Sucker felt good, too. (A little rough an' messy, but so are some asses. Beats gettin' talked into doin' it to somebody cause ya feel sorry for 'em. Won't do that again for a while.) Anyway, even then my dick wouldn't go down. Had t' grease it up and wack off again. Hurt SO good!

By Michael Charles

The over-hung man placed his dick head at the dripping hole and cradled his warm treasure as if it were virginal ass flesh. He closed his eyes and envisioned the warm, tight opening. Slowly, he bored an entryway.

[You should have *seen* Josh with that watermelon. He made a big hole in the end of it. Using a small paring knife and the skill of a craftsman, he removed a circle of the thick peel. The warm guts of his make-believe sex partner went untouched.

After it was placed on his bed, and having greased every inch of his now-throbbing cock, Josh mounted the melon. (Fucking an object aroused him. He viewed it as borderline sick. But...damn hot, too!)

The over-hung man placed his dick head at the dripping hole and cradled his warm treasure as if it were virginal ass flesh. He closed his eyes and envisioned the warm, tight opening. Slowly, he bored an entryway.

Inch upon inch of his steel-like shaft disappeared. Josh heard the flesh make yielding noises as it tore open. His "lover" was gasping softly in pleasure. Pressure forced oozing pulp to seep out and backward while his long, fat member displaced warm, blood-red tissue. The fuck-mess flowed freely onto the bed's protective towel covering.

He pushed gently at first. Gradually, Josh increased the force and momentum of his moves until he pumped like a bull in rut. His ass muscles strained and rippled against their hairy flesh covering. With each stroke, he buried his meat deeper in the willing, still-warm tissue. Josh fucked hard, in long impassioned thrusts.

Minutes later, eyes glazed in animal desire, the sweaty stud gasped as if in pain. His face took on the agonized look of someone who can endure no longer. When his long shaft plowed savagely for the last time, vaguely, he was aware of a cracking and slurping noise. He hugged the crumbling shell with all his might and felt his fluids escape; they mixed deep within the abused tissue and seed. Straining for breath, he collapsed over the worn-out sex toy.

Then, back to reality, Josh realized he was hairy belly-down in a pool of pulverized watermelon meat, skin, and seed. "What a fuckin' mess I got t'clean up," he thought, while pondering the fact that his dick still saluted the pulpy remains of his devastated lover. All through the clean-up, Josh was still plagued with the unending hardness of his cock rod from his pelvis like a policeman's billy. Knowing no other recourse, he gave in and re-greased the long post.

Annoyed with his hormone-stubborn cock, Josh gave a few long strokes to the meat and then began to work on his balls, stroked for a while, and then went back to squeezing his nuts. When the second load erupted, this time onto his rippled hairy stomach, it seemed even more powerful than the first. As Josh himself said . . . "Hurt SO good." He screamed in pain/pleasure as the spurts of cum rocketed to their respective destinations. The jizz mingled with watermelon pulp and seed in the already-matted fur of Josh's heaving chest.]

Tomorrow's Friday. Gotta go out'n get some. Ain't enough just doin' it to myself. Good night.

[Most everyone who knows Joshua Carson likes him. Josh is a mechanic. He's a genuinely nice guy and modest about his looks. (People have wrecked cars doin' double takes.) Folks like Josh are hard to come by. Users tend to seek him out because he's easy to brow beat into bed, but slowly, he's learning how to say no.

"I got three selfish habits," Josh'll admit. "No matter what, I always write in my journal. I been doin' it every day since I was eight and I ain't 'bout to stop now. No matter what, I keep my dog. Love me, love him. *An'*, no matter *what*, I ain't straight and I ain't gonna try t'be." Hopeful women always look half-sick when Josh tells 'em he's gay.

The thirty-five-year-old stands six-feet, six-inches, weighs 240 pounds, and, from the neck down, looks like an ivory hybrid of Wilt Chamberlain and Mr. 'T'. His eyes are metallic green, technicolor. His thick, middle-of-the-neck length blond hair blows any direction in a tornado and still looks, "just combed." The cock is hard to describe, since, chances are, you've never seen one just like it. Picture the biggest thing going and add a couple of inches. That's probably about the right length. He's uncut and his nuts hang like two hairy tennis balls. Joshua is preoccupied with sex and in many ways, he's still a horny young man.

There. Now. I've said what I've got to say. You're caught up on the hunk who writes the journal. Josh is a pretty good story teller without "me," so aside from my editorials, I'll let him take it from here.]

August 21, 1988

It's Friday night! I'm goin' out to get some. Gotta tell ya 'bout gettin' my truck washed, though.

Nothin' new at work today by the way. On my way home, took Rt. 28 to go by the car wash. Picked up a hitchhiker. Hot little man, he was. Guess 19, maybe.

Told the little blond I'd give 'im a ride down the strip, if he could wait till I went through the car wash. He hopped in. Said his name was Joe.

Paid 'n drove my truck into the wash. Little dude surprised the hell outta me. We wasn't in there no two seconds 'n he had 'is dick out playin' with it. I started to suck 'im off. (Nobody could see us 'cuz o' the water and suds.) Soon as I got his cock in my mouth, little shit was ready to cum, so I stopped and got mine out. Thought he was gon-

na cream his pants right there. (It's fun seein' their faces when I pull it out.) Little guy had a damn good mouth, too. He musta took 'bout eight inches of it 'fore he gagged. Said it was the biggest thing he'd ever seen.

[Joe was telling the truth. Josh's piece is the diameter of a baseball bat and a close second in length.]

Even asked me could he suck it. Licked it and moaned like he hurt. Spit in his own hand and beat himself while he was bouncin' his mouth up 'n down on mine.

[The young dude sucked that burning hot tube until his face was so red it was like he was having a stroke. He wacked his own dick with enough friction to start a fire. When the skin of Joe's ball sac sagged and caught in the rough teeth of his zipper, Joe liked it. The kid's equipment is gonna be sore tomorrow.]

We had a great time. Li'l fucker shot on my windshield. I didn't have time to get off, though. Little son of a gun wouldn't suck it after he came, or make a date for later. Said he was a straight dude. Just got carried away. Shit!

[The truth is, Joe had been suckin' dick for about two years, it was just that he was afraid that Joshua'd want to fuck him. Joe liked to get screwed, but he was no masochist.]

All for now. Gotta get to the bars. My thing's ready to bust and I don't wanna waste another load.

August 22, 1988

I'm feelin' better!

Met a decent lookin' wrestler type, (Rick), last night. Brought 'im home.

First..."met," means that Rick stared at Josh for an hour, non-stop. Josh finally got up the courage to smile and give Rick a wink.

Second..."decent lookin'," means 5 feet, 8 inches, and GORGEOUS. Rick's chest is a hairy, muscle-gorged, 47 inches. The 30-inch, well-defined waist sits on two tan hairy tree trunks which serve as legs. Lucky is the opponent pinned between the two of them. Rick's clean-shaven face is typical "Italian Stallion," with black-brown sparkling eyes.

Third..."Brought 'im home," means that Rick approached Josh, bought him a drink and offered to accompany the introverted hulk home.]

Rick said right off that he wanted ta fuck me. No complaints here. Guess I'd had too much to drink, though. Decided to play some games first.

We got to the bedroom an' decided I wanted to wrestle with 'im. Musta figured he didn't have no choice. We scrapped for a couple o' minutes. Josh didn't have a chance. I pinned 'im on his back right away. He looked a little scared. Thought I was gonna hurt 'im, I guess.

Ended up sittin' on his dick while I sucked myself off.

When Joshua Carson, whose alias could easily be Hercules, told Rick that he wanted to wrestle, something had kind of snapped in the big guy's head. Nothing dangerous, mind you, Josh just wanted to have a little fun at Rick's expense and knew that the wrestler would ultimately enjoy Josh's little out-of-character scene. The bout went as follows:

"You wanna wrestle?"

No response.

"Why NOT?" the slightly slurred voice challenged.

Josh gulped from a fresh can of beer; Rick did likewise.

"O...a...a...okay."

They grappled and Josh got the take-down. When Rick was under Josh on the bedroom floor, Josh picked him up and lifted him onto the larger-than-king-size, custom-built bed. The match continued.

Pinned on his back in seconds, Rick unable to breath, rasped, "Uh...Uhhh...UUUNCLE!" Josh, holding his grip with legs and one hand, straddled him and planted himself on Rick's stiff prick. Rick no longer struggled. "Like pissin' on a four-alarm fire," he thought.

When he had pinned the mat-man's arms, Josh rose to a squatting position. Legs straddling Rick, he did a 180-degree turn, and planted his ass over Rick's face; all the while, he held Rick's legs firmly against the mattress. Rick, trying to appease the beast, began lapping at the musky manhole. Minutes later, his appetite whetted, Josh slid down and secured the wrestler's legs. Mouth freed, Rick gasped the oxygen Josh's ass had denied.

"Gonna have some fun with 'im an' that juicy butt," Josh thought, as he verbalized, "Wanna see the sweet piece that's gonna split your big tight ass?"

Silence.

"HUH??!"

"Yes."

"Yes, what"

"Yes, sir," thinking, "How in the fuck did I get myself into this one? I'm gonna fuckin' be ripped open!"

Josh undid his fly and threw out the still-soft, skin-covered cock.

"Whoa, man! No. You can't put *THAT* in *MY* ass!" He realized Josh could do whatever in the hell he pleased of course.

"Chew it!" Josh barked, as he straddled Rick's chest and hung his dick to face the dark-complected, hunger-filled face. Rick took the first inch of foreskin into his mouth and began to suck.

"Yeah! Work that hood!"

As Rick increased the suction, he felt his mouth being filled by

Moving as if his neck were pure elastic, Josh bent forward. He bared his teeth and nipped at the inches of skin, now, once again covering his own straining cock head. The pre-cum ooze was flowing gushers and Josh tasted the saltiness of his own boiling juices.

thick layers of soft pliable flesh. On the outside of his skin-filled mouth, Rick's lips sensed a bulging cock-head, still buried deep within the folds of foreskin. Behind it, a menacing shaft had begun to grow.

"Come on. Yeah. EAT IT!"

Rick sucked, licked, chewed, gagged, did anything to appease the man's horse-like appendage.

Abruptly, Josh withdrew his cock. Rick gasped to catch his breath. Heated up now, Josh grasped the meat he had wrenched from the gagging man's mouth. With one hand, he pulled his foreskin back. The huge head still covered, he kept the first hand in place and used his other hand to pull back the remaining inches of skin. The baseball-like bulb now exposed, Josh held all that skin back with one hand, while using his other hand to pull the still-unwilling jock's face forward. He aimed Rick's mouth at the waiting head and pole. Rick tensed, then remembered he was in no position to argue. He extended his tongue and licked the glistening dew from the three-quarter-inch slit of Josh's piss hole.

For an instant, pre-cum hung suspended, a shiny one-strand link between the blood-engorged man pole and Rick's already-abused lips. Beginning to enjoy his plight, Rick tried to catch the strand, lap by lap, in his mouth. His pre-cum eaten, Josh pulled back, stood up at the bottom of the bed, and leered at his supine, now more-willing captive.

A mischievous twinkle in his eye, the oversized man lubricated his long, fat fingers and turned to face away from his horizontal prisoner. He bent in a toe-touch position. As if performing for an audience, Josh brought his large hands around to spread his high muscular, hairy cheeks. With his middle finger, he massaged the quivering sphincter.

"Yes, sir. ALL RIGHT. BIG HOT ASS, sir. Yes, sir!"

A long, calloused finger penetrated and disappeared, joint by greased joint. The restrained man's balls ached. As he inserted another finger, Josh whirled to face Rick, and now, seeming feather light, jumped atop the captive stud's prick.

"YEAHHHHHH! Plant that ass on my little cock..." and as an after thought, not wanting to press his luck, "SIR!" For the first time in his life, Rick had referred to his shaft as, "little." It wasn't small by any means, but it sure paled in comparison to Josh's club.

The behemoth-like ass inhaled Rick's swollen, granite-hard cock. His cathartic, hot wet pleasure was all consuming; Rick verged on screams. Rasping guttural sounds emanated deep from within himself as inch upon inch of his manhood was swallowed by the gigantic hairy "black hole," cavern of Josh's ass.

When Rick's cock was buried to its base in the ravenous crack, Josh, with a hint of one-upmanship, tightened the grip on his own shaft and pulled all remaining flesh over its head. With a piercing, "check this maneuver," glance to Rick, moving as if his neck were pure elastic, Josh bent forward. He bared his teeth and nipped at the inches of skin, now, once again covering his own straining cock head. The pre-cum ooze was flowing gushers and Josh tasted the saltiness of his own boiling juices. He looked mockingly at Rick and licked the briny elixir from within his own erotically overgrown foreskin. Rick, inert with amazement, felt the, at first gentle, then insistent gyrations of Josh's grasping hole. The ass at one time swallowed, the next time spat out, the pulsating cock wedged deep within its bowels.

As Rick felt the juices vacuumed from his eight-inch tube, a low animal moan rose from the very gut of his being. He opened his eyes to see the humpy giant impaled on his pressure-bloated shaft and thought it had to be a fantastic dream.

The rubber neck dipped lower and lower. More, and then still more of Josh's own shaft slid into Josh's spit-covered lips. Sounds of lust escaped his nose as the giant heard Rick's animal emanations, already loud, grow in volume and pitch.

As the wrestler's cries reached fever proportions, Josh felt his own sperm making its long climb up a constricted exit way. The pent-up fluids rose higher in his post and Josh heard himself bark.

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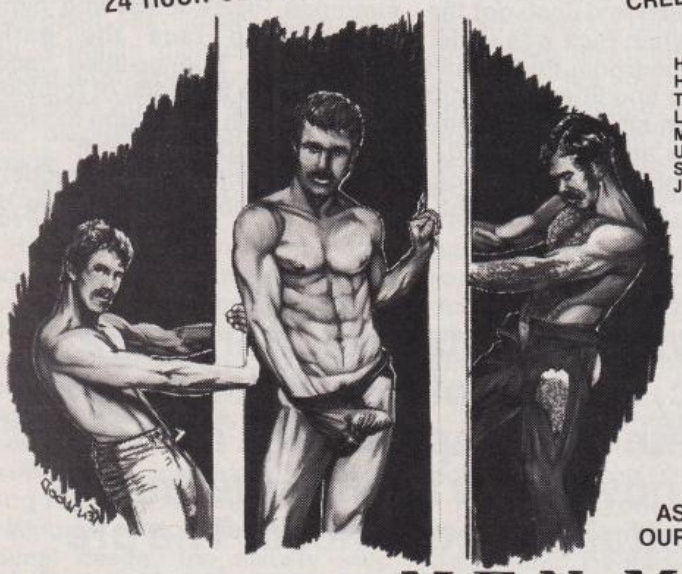

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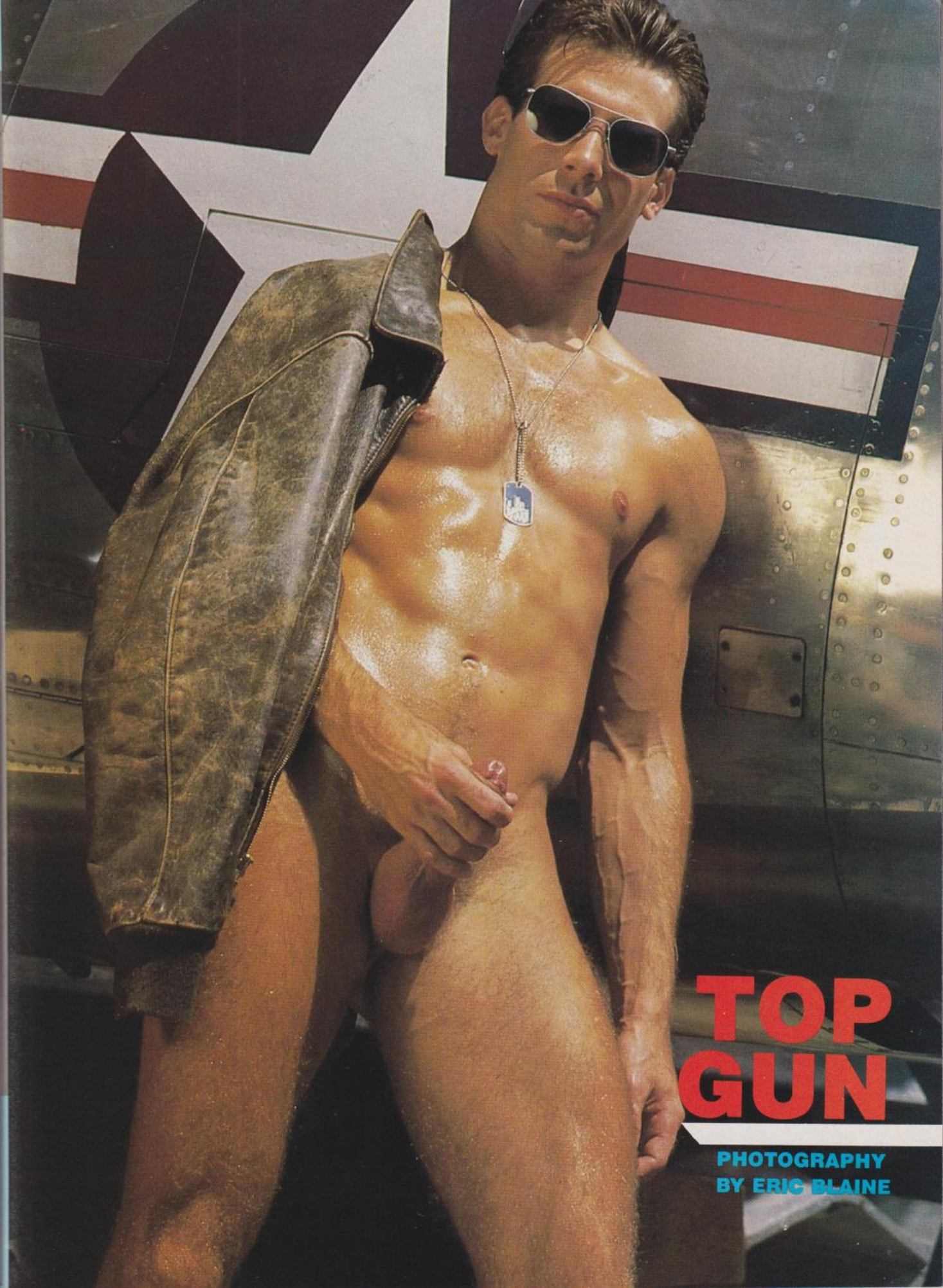

TOP GUN

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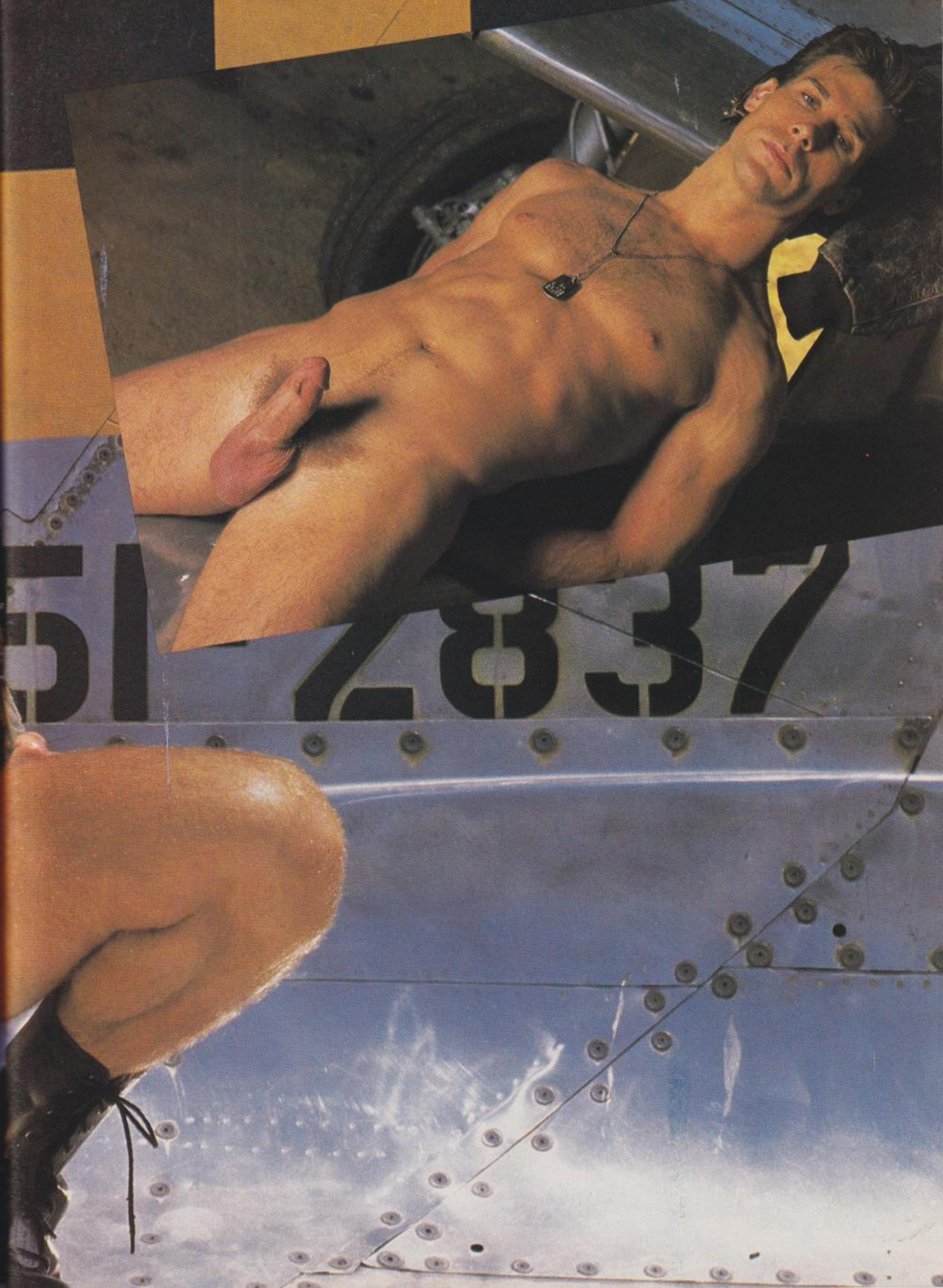
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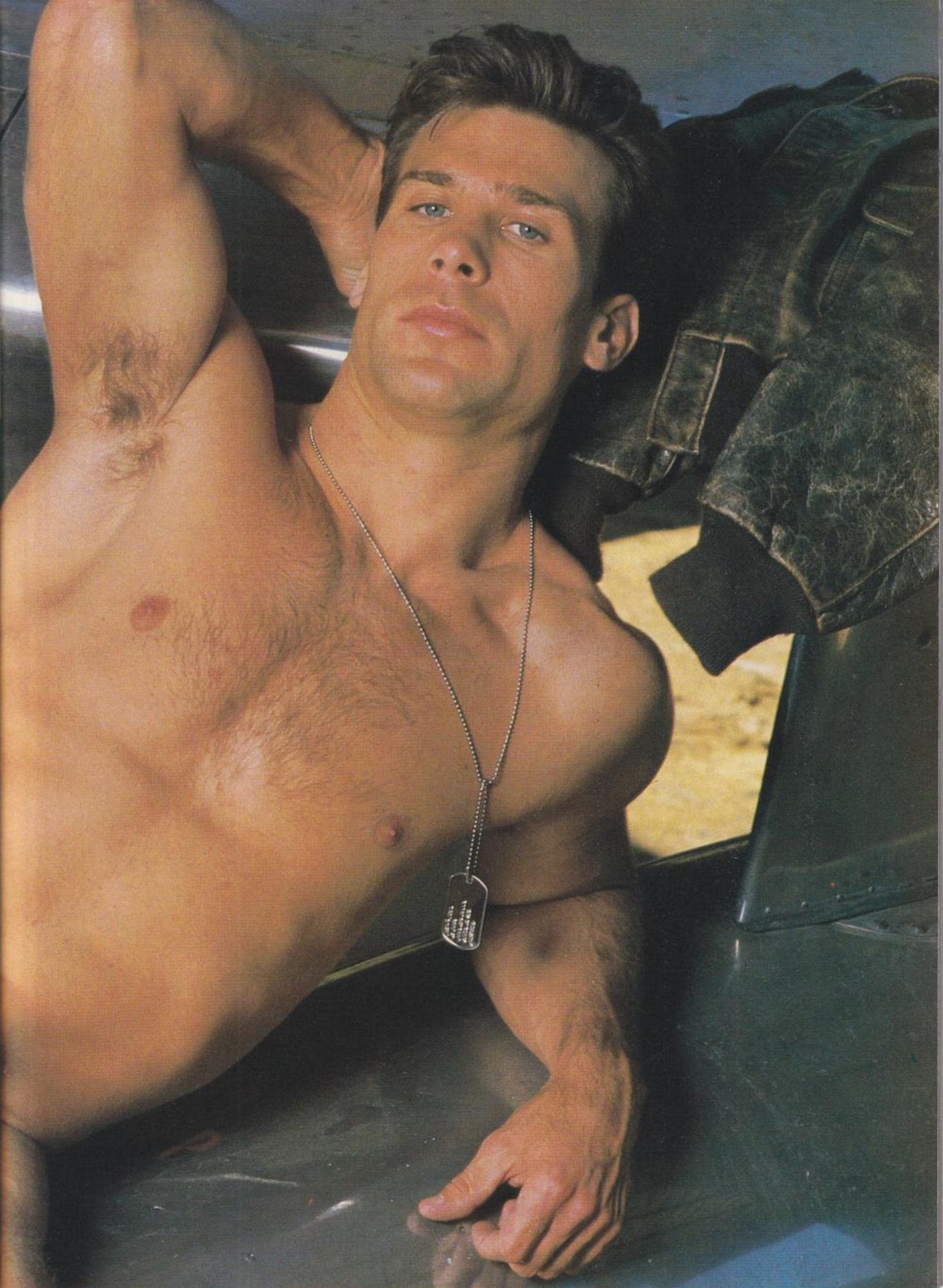

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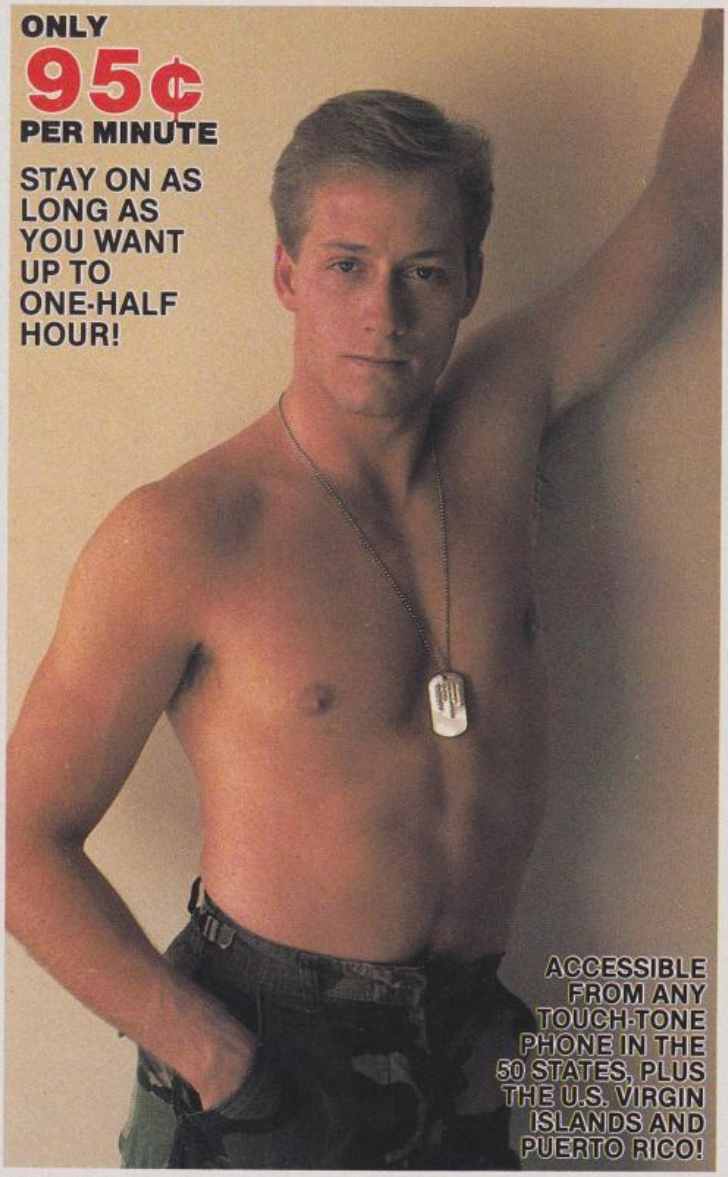

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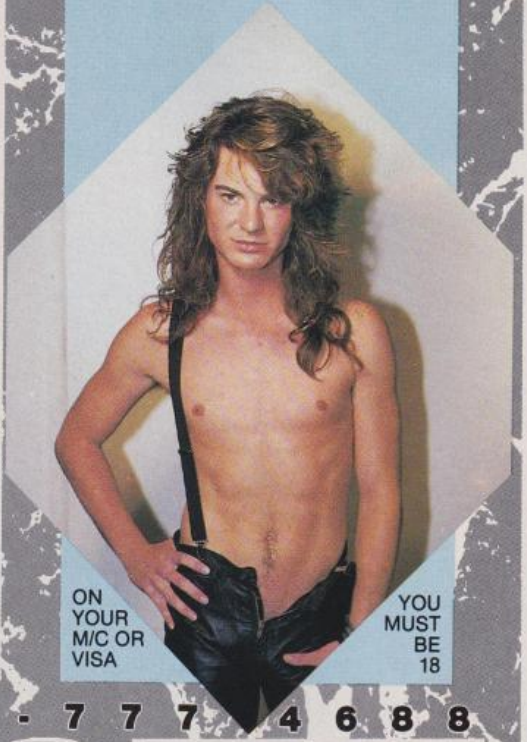

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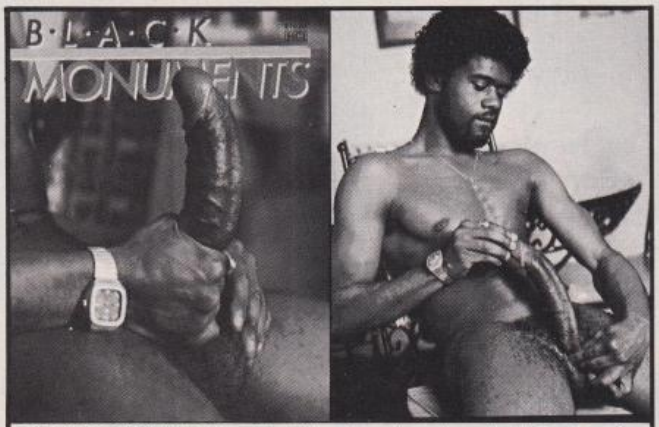

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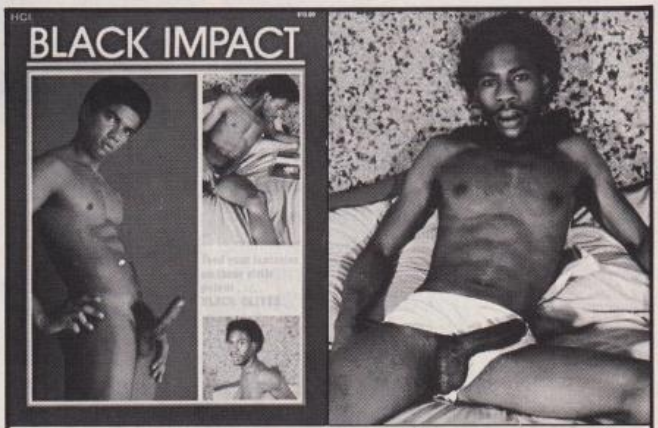

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The way his basket filled out, my guess is that he was also wearing jockey shorts. I hoped they were white. White jockeys turn me on almost as much as sweaty jockstraps.

IN THE MARKET FOR A COP

By Jack Ricardo

I'm the manager of the outdoor Flea Market down the road. we have more damn thieves prowling the area than we have dealers selling their wares. That's why I decided to hire a cop to patrol the place on Sunday afternoons, our busiest day.

I telephoned the local police station and asked if any of the policemen would be interested in moonlighting part-time. The sargeant said he'd put a notice on the bulletin board. A couple days later, Chris came by my office. One look, I knew he was my man.

Chris and I are pretty near the same height. He has short blond hair, nice body, long black billy club. My hair is dirty blond, with a drooping moustache to match. He was eager for the extra work and I hired him to start Sunday.

It was a hectic day and of course some of my workers didn't show up, so I had to run around like a wild man all morning. I barely had a chance to talk to Chris. He did his duty and I did mine. Finally, at noon, I needed a break. Florida's sun was baking a sweltering day. I asked Chris if he was ready for some chow. He was as sweaty as I was. "Sure enough," he said. We grabbed some food from the snack bar and I took him up to my office.

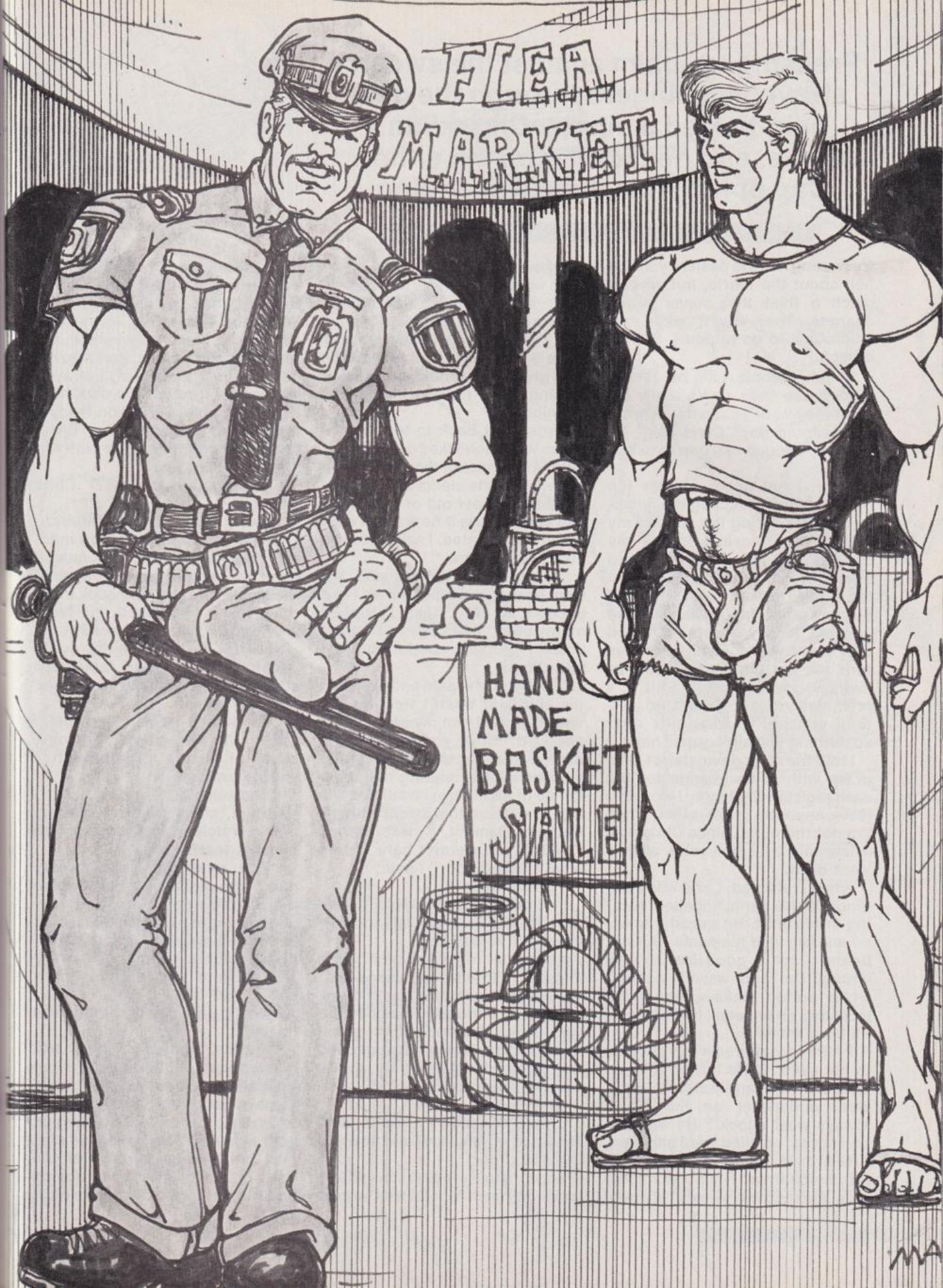
I slipped out of my sweat-soaked t-shirt and hung it up on the fan to dry. When the morning began, the t-shirt was clean white, now it was sweaty grey. Chris was sweating too. The stains under his armpits were dark brown against his khaki short-sleeved uniform. He was a hot man, literally and figuratively, no doubt about it. But I didn't have any thoughts about having sex with the dude. Hell, I got balls, but I never seduce straight guys, it's not my style. If they're willing, sure. But I don't press myself onto no man.

"Well, how do you like the job?" Will you come back next week?" I asked, between bites.

"Yeah, probably, it wasn't too bad, so far. Do you think the dealer will press charges?" he asked.

He had caught a theif this morning and ran him down to the precinct. "Hell, no," I told Chris . "That's what's so goddam

ART BY MATT


FLEA
MARKET
HAND
MADE
BASKET
SALE

Pressing my palm against the sweat, I strayed my fingers through the dark hair, tickled a nipple. Chris didn't move, and he didn't stop me either. Cop or not, this dude was willing.

frustrating. All the dealers yell like hell about the thefts, but when I catch a thief they never press charges. They say it takes too much time to go to court. Son of a bitch."

"Yeah, people can be funny. Sometimes they don't really do what they want you to do, or what they should do," Chris said. He gave me enough of a grin to twitch my balls.

When I got up to answer the phone, I thought I caught a glimpse of Chris eyeing the edge of my briefs that were circling my dungarees. My eyes scanned Chris's crotch as he leaned against the stool. The way his basket filled out, my guess is that he was also wearing jockey shorts. I hoped they were white. White jockeys turn me on almost as much as sweaty jockstraps. "Shit," I reminded myself, "don't go getting yourself worked up over something you ain't gonna have."

I told the clerk downstairs I'd be down with some change for the cash register. Ordinarily I wouldn't leave anybody in the office when I'm not there, but since Chris was a lawman, I let him relax while I went down.

When I returned, Chris was standing with his pants unbelted, tucking in his shirt. He quickly finished and buckled his pants. But not before I got a good look. I was wrong, the cop wasn't wearing white cotton jockies, he had a jockstrap on under all that uniform. I'll be damned.

I think my appreciation showed in my eyes. Chris turned a slight shade of red and said, "I don't wear underwear on the job. I always wear a jock." He was embarrassed. I smiled wide and said, "Hell, man, I wear a jock on the job, sometimes. It's good for the nuts, makes them sweat." We both laughed.

As we made our way back downstairs, Chris looked at me and said, "And a jock feels good too." I eyed him, questioning. Okay, maybe there's a chance. "Not to mention how great a jock looks on a mean-looking man," I said to him, taking his nibble.

Chris went back to touring the aisles while I checked out the back gate. After most of the dealers had gone, I told the clerks to clean up. I grabbed a beer out of the cooler and asked Chris if he wanted one. When he hesitated, I said, "You're off the clock now."

"Sure enough," Chris said. We went back to the office where I had to count the take. Again I stripped off my t-shirt and began counting. "Make yourself comfortable," I told Chris.

"Thanks," he said and removed his shirt. He wasn't wearing a t-shirt. I tossed him my soaked one and said, "Wipe yourself off." He moved the sweat-soaked t-shirt over his chest, matting the abundance of hair there. I would be willing to wipe up that sweat with my tongue. Dammit, I was horny. "Hell, if you weren't here, I'd do what I usually do," I said.

"What's that?"

"I'd take off my pants too," I told him. Maybe I was being too forward, but it was true.

"Don't let me stop you," Chris insisted. "Do what you wanna do."

I stopped counting the money, eyed him curiously, decided he was serious. I hopped off the stool, flung off my boots, and stepped out of my dungarees. My shorts were as sweaty as my t-shirt. "You too?" I said.

"Naw, this'll do it," Chris said. He stood off his stool and downed the can.

For a minute we just stood there looking at each other. I felt the heat of the small room, heard the whirl of the fan, felt the connection in the air, smelt the aroma of man. We stood not a foot away from each other. I reached a hand out to touch the cop's chest. Pressing my palm against the sweat, I strayed my fingers through the dark hair, tickled a nipple. Chris didn't move, and he didn't stop me either. Okay, cop or no cop, this dude was willing, no doubt about it.

"You gonna blow me?" Chris asked.

"I want to," I said, truthfully.

"Then , you're gonna blow me." he said, adamantly. He moved back and leaned his butt against the stool. "Did you ever suck a cop off before?" he asked, his hand moving to basket his crotch.

"Never," I told him, again truthfully. Hell, I had fantasized about doing cops, but never had one in the flesh.

"You wanna lap your lips around this?" the cop asked, grasping ahold of a stiff dick through a sweaty uniform.

"You bet your fucking ass," I told him, standing there, getting off on watching him playing with himself, teasing.

"You ever get your sweaty nuts," he said, taking his billy club and rubbing it around my underwear, to my balls, "juiced up to shoot through your hard dick," his billy club poked my cock, which was as hard as the club, "up a cop's ass?"

"No," I said. My breathing was heavy.

"Maybe, maybe," he said, mysteriously. "I'll bet you're one goddamn cock-sucker who could throw a good fuck, too," he said, "with that tool of yours aiming up your skivvies." He poked his club into the fly of my short. I felt the hard of the black wood rubbing against the hard of my white dick.

MATT

I moved my crotch to the rhythm he set.

"What kind of cock you got in those shorts?" he asked me. His breathing was beginning to get as heavy as mine. "Is that piece you got pointing between your legs, cut or uncut?"

"Cut," I told him. "What about you? What kind of dick you got bursting out of your jockstrap? What kind of dick you want me to suck off?"

I followed the thick hairs as they led to below, to his navel, then continued until I tasted the leather of his black belt. As I went down to my knees, my hands slid down to caress the cop's ass.

"You'll find out," the cop promised.

"I want to find out now," I said. With Chris still leaning on the stool, I cupped his crotch. He lifted his ass to my touch, withdrew his club from my shorts, and let his hands rest at his side.

"Do it," the cop said, ready, willing.

The heat from his jock was emanating in my fist, I could feel the steam rise. I bent my head over and breezed through the hair of his chest with my tongue. The taste of salty sweat spurred me on to explore his entire chest, slurping around each nipple, my tongue brushing against the harsh bush. I followed the thick haris as they led below, to his navel, then continued until I tasted the leather of his black belt. As I went down to my knees, my hands slid down to caress the cop's ass, cruising over his shooting iron dangling on his hip.

"Do it," he said again. "Unzip me."

I sat back on my haunches, moved a hand to his zipper and unzipped. His rod-on outlined a full pouch in his jock. Leaning my face into the fly of his pants, inhaling a wholesome whiff of jocksweat, I stuck my tongue out and tentatively tapped his mesh-covered hardon. With just my gentle tap, I could feel the throb of the piece I was about to devour. "Mouth it,' he said. "Let's see you eat my dick in it's pouch."

I moved in closer and and wrapped my lips around the piece like the cop asked. The sweat of his jock was intoxicating, the taste of his cock through the sweaty mesh potent, the aroma overpowering. I tried to reach down with my tongue to get at his nuts that were hiding in the cop's jock. I couldn't reach them.

With my mouth still inside his pants, savoring the jock and what was in it, I reached up with both hands to undo his belt. When I did, I felt Chris slide his nightstick down my back, reaching it into my shorts from behind. I unbuckled his belt. "Go for those nuts down there, eat 'em up," the cop said.

I didn't need instructions. With his belt undone, his pants parted, I had a full view. The sweat of his day's work was dark and mingled with my saliva. I leaned back smiling. Chris brought up his nightstick, said, "You like what you see, buddy? You like to see a cop in a sweaty jock waiting to get a blow job?" He again played with himself, poking his hard cock in his jock around my face.

"I like it enough to eat," I said and again pounced onto it.

Chris leaned over to his shirt, grabbed something out, handed me a rubber, and said, "Use this, a snug blanket for a snug dick." I took it but I wasn't finished eating that full-sized jock's jockstrap yet.

His nuts filled my mouth, I sucked on them, getting all the sweat out of the jock that built up all day in the hot sun. I could feel the edge of the zipper of his pants nuzzling my chin. My hands followed the waist strap of his jock. My mouth moved from the hardon in the cop's jock to his balls, my hands roamed over the smooth curve of both his asscheeks, entwining themselves in the leg straps of his jock. Again, I felt Chris's billyclub moving over my back, reaching into the back of my shorts, pushing them down. When my finger began tickling Chris's hole, the cop's nightstick rotated down the crack of my ass.

My mouth was swallowing his jock full of dick and nuts, his club was firing over my ass, I wanted more. I pulled the jock down until the cop's stiff peter sprang out and his nuts hung close and heavy, free at last. A cut cock made for a good man to suck on. When I buried my head in his bare nuts, gnawing his nut-hairs, tonguing them, Chris leaned over my back, worked up and down my ass with his stick.

I reluctantly let loose of his ass, his nuts, and sat back. Chris and his nightstick relaxed, too. I tore open the packet, bent over, kissed that fabulous dick, and placed the rubber over the cut head. Chris lightly brushed his billyclub to my mouth. As I worked the rubber down that cop's stiff piece, Chris began sliding his nightstick in my mouth. I took it willingly, sucking on the black piece of wood, while my hands massaged the length of the other hard piece.

"Practice, buddy. Suck on my stick, get that throat ready for the real thing." I swirled my tongue over that club. "Eat it up, buddy, suck it good and wet."

My dick was fighting against my skivvies as I sucked on that cop's billy club. My hands palmed the cop's nuts, played with his rubber-coated dick, until Chris slid his nightstick out of my mouth, looked down at me, with a grin that would melt shit. He pushed out his crotch, his dick sticking to the sky, his jock strap pushing up his nuts from below. "Now for the main meal. Eat me buddy. Suck on this cop's dick until it shoots its wad."

I did it. I did it slow, covering every centimeter that was in front of me. Licking it, brushing it with my lips, feeling with my tongue down to the root where the cock meets the rubber, bouncing the balls.

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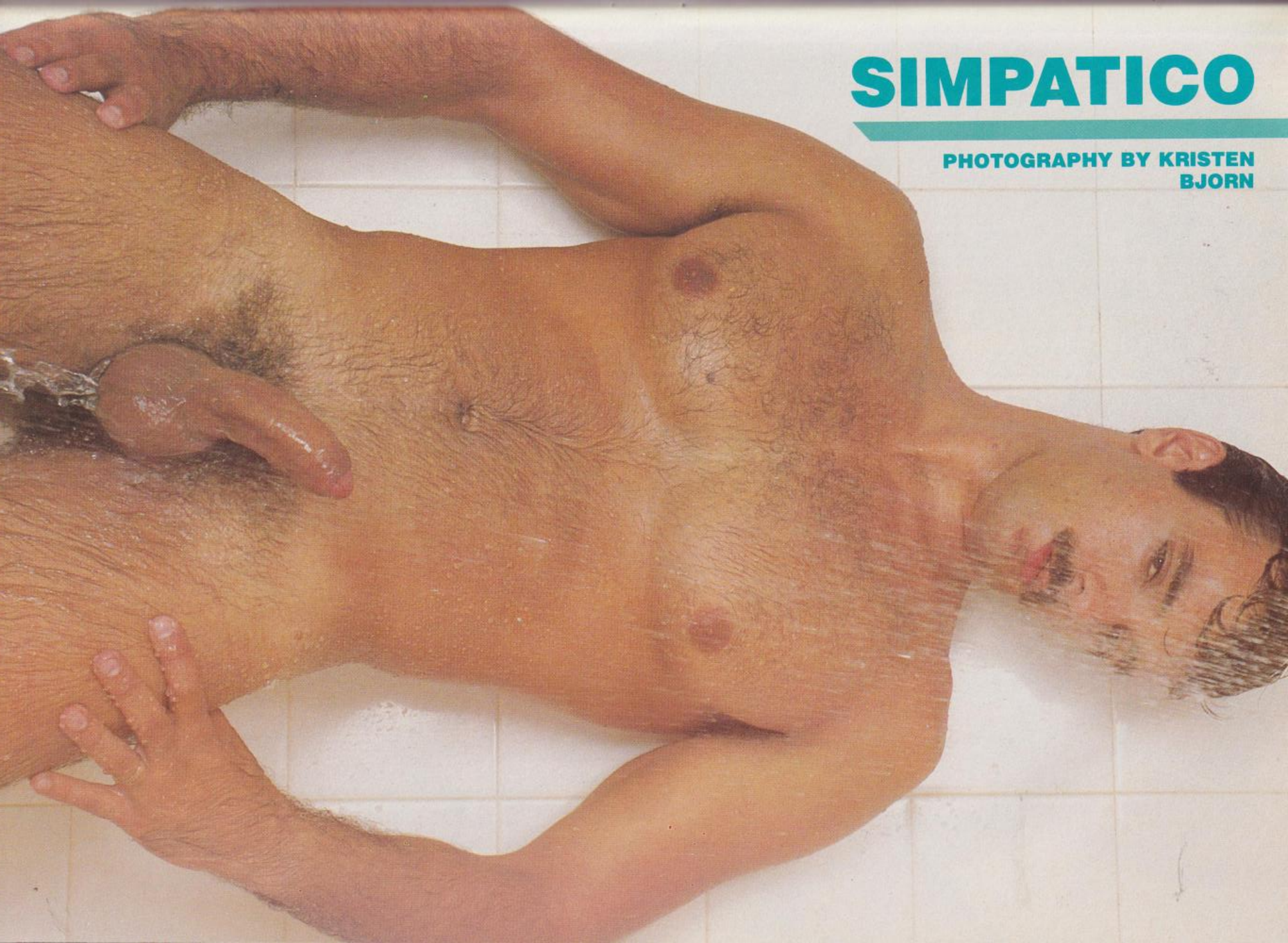

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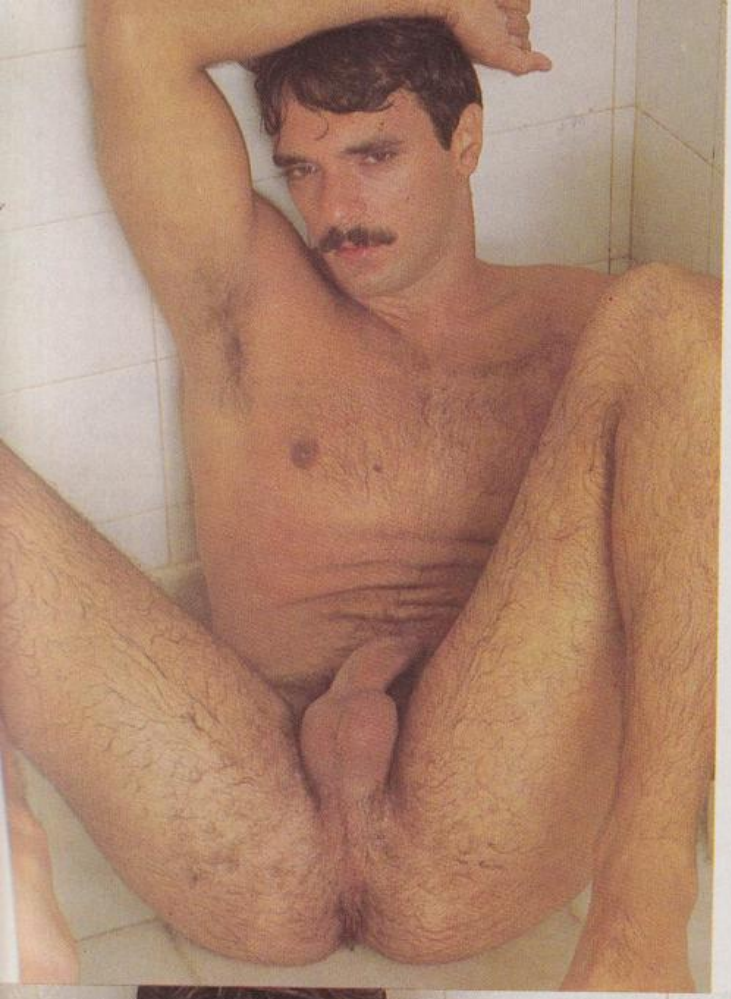

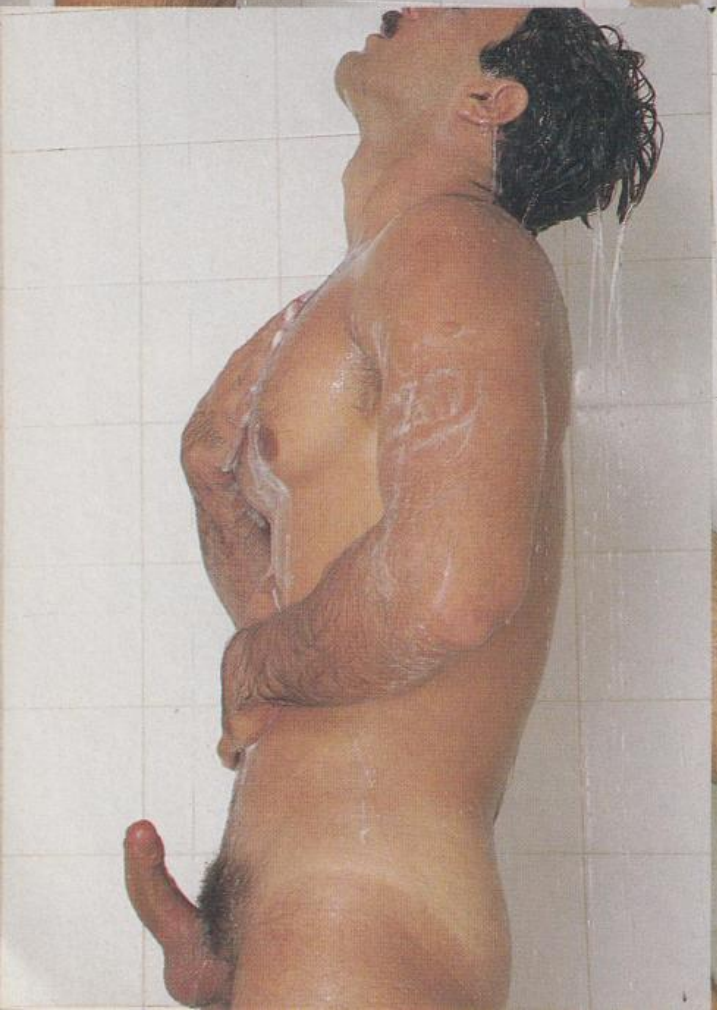

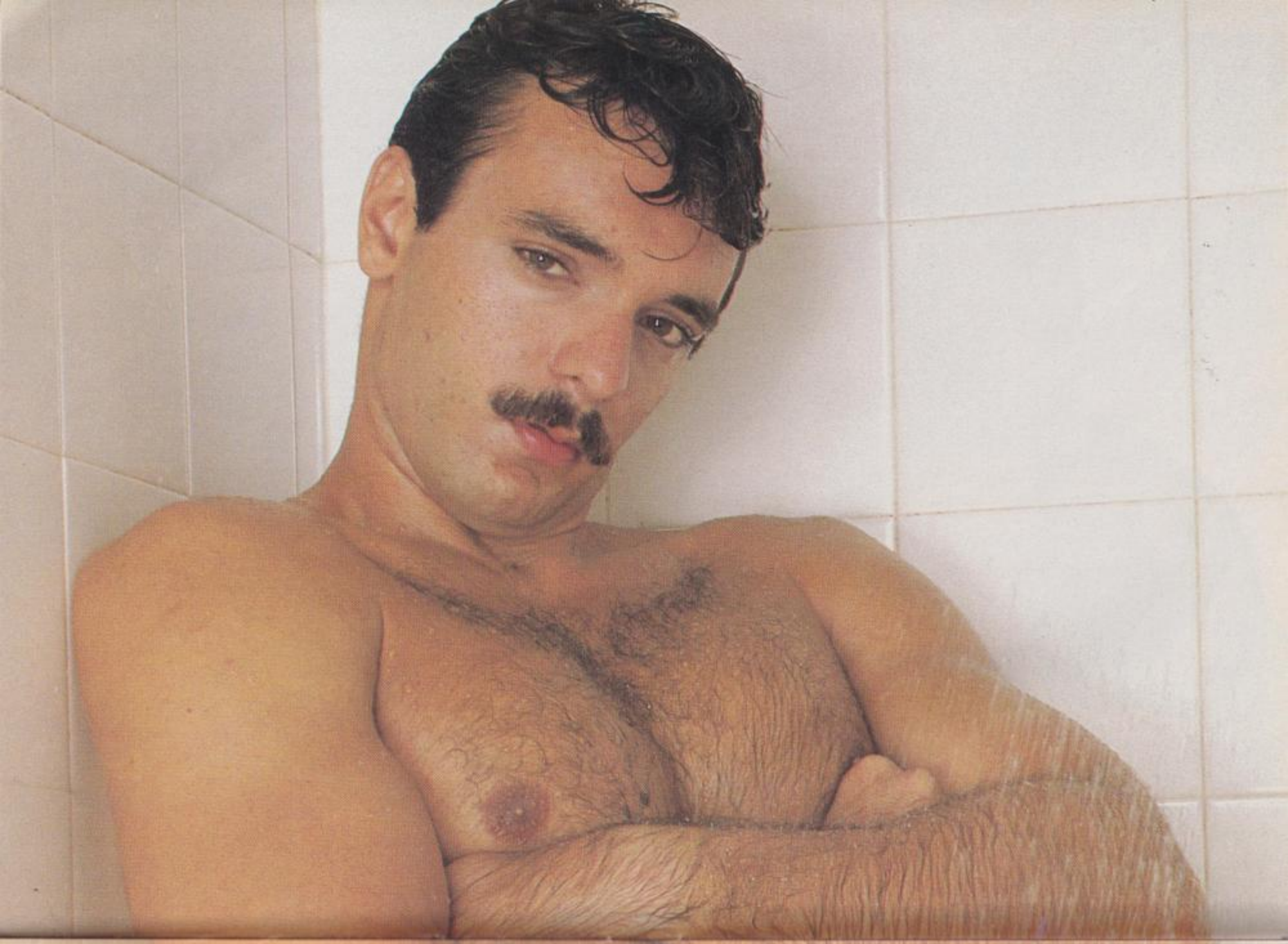

ONE SAILOR TO GO

By Jack Ricardo

PHOTO BY CITYBOY

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"WANTED: Families to entertain sailors." That's what the ad read. It was a small ad in a small-town paper. I remembered seeing the same ad a year before. A naval cruiser would be docked on Lake Worth for a week and the community thought it would be a friendly gesture to invite the crew into their homes for a nice home-cooked meal and some warm company. They were looking for volunteers to offer their homes. I thought of calling the phone number that was listed, but instead that year I vacationed in Cheyenne for a couple of weeks.

I couldn't afford a vacation this summer, so I called the number in the ad. They took my name and address and told me to be at pier 39 at noon on Sunday. I was a bit taken aback. I didn't think it would be that easy. After all, I'm not a family. I'm one person. But then again, I guess I am a family. I'm a one-man family. I live alone, I'm forty-six years old, I'm gay, and I don't have a lover.

Now, don't let me give you the wrong impression. I'm not a dirty old man looking for some twinky swabbie to suck off. I exercise three days a week to keep my five-foot, eight-inch frame in good shape, my crew-cut blond hair is all my own, my thick moustache is sexy, and my outlook is fine. I'm what you would call macho. I walk like a man, talk like a man, and live like a man. And that's how I like my men—experienced and masculine.

I must admit that my motive in volunteering my services was slightly ulterior. Men in uniform are my second biggest turn-on. Cowboys are my first. And while I had absolutely no idea what my sailor would look like, I was ready for anything.

There weren't many people at the dock Sunday morning. I was surprised. I had expected a crowd. I guessed that not everybody was as horny as I was, or as ballsy. The woman in charge took my name and handed me a number: 23. I waited for the crew to embark.

I didn't dress for the occasion. Which is not to say I went to the dock with my balls hanging out. I just wore my usual gear: dungarees, white T-shirt, shit-kicking boots. Before long, the uniformed Navy men were walking down the ramp in their dress whites. Each had a number pinned on his tie. I searched for number 23, noticing that 34 was a huge muscle man with a box that bulged a step ahead of him. He was grabbed up by a little old lady. Lucky lady.

I wasn't disappointed in 23. He was dark and had a slight moustache, and his white cap was set back on his black hair in a sexy twist. I smiled a mile wide and introduced myself. He shook my hand and told me to call him Dash.

I only live a fifteen-minute walk from the bay, so we tramped it. Dash swaggered when he walked, every inch a man. He told me he felt funny volunteering for this family outing. He figured he'd be linked up with a mom and dad and a white picket fence. I put him at ease when I said I live by myself in a mobile home.

When I asked him what state he was from, he replied, "Mexico." He had come into the U.S.A. illegally twelve years before, but since then he'd become a naturalized citizen. He'd been in the service six years and was making the Navy a career. He was no young pup, so I asked him why he wasn't married.

"Never had the urge. The sea is my life. I can't see sharing it with a woman who waits at home."

This was encouraging. When he asked me why I lived alone, I told him, "I had a lover once, but he moved to San Francisco."

Dashed stopped dead in his tracks and looked at me quizzically. I stared him down with a grin, maybe even a snicker. I don't like playing games, and I'm not good at them.

"He?" Dash asked.

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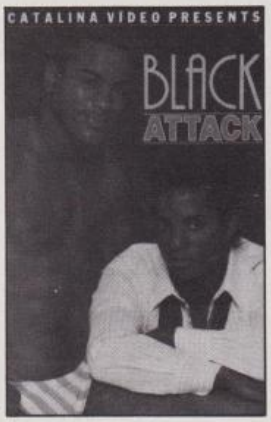

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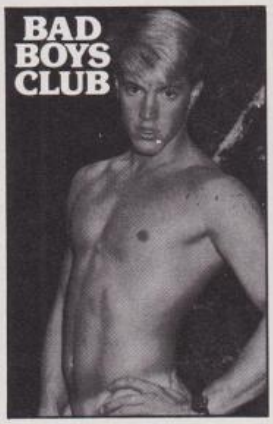
An eye-popping glimpse into the big-time, big-money world of models and photographers in the throws of producing an all-black pin-up calendar. Nine of the most exciting men we've ever seen!



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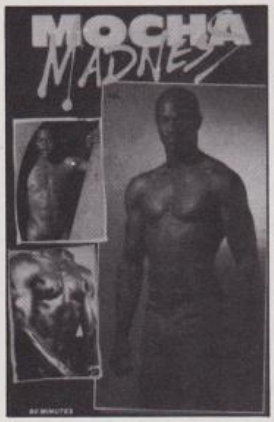

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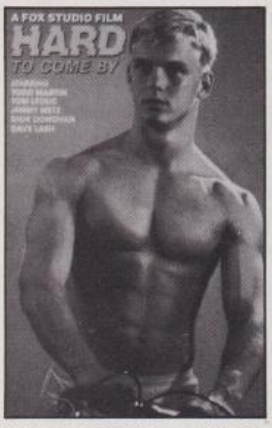

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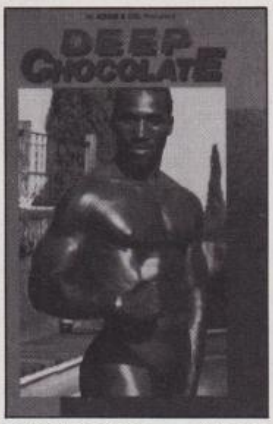

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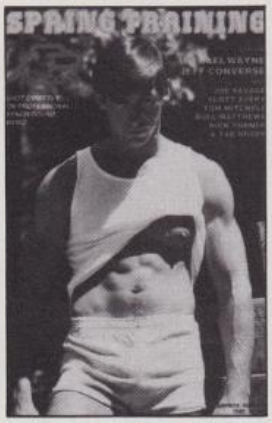

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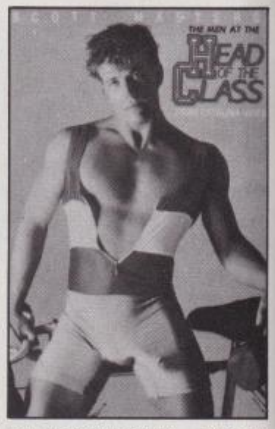

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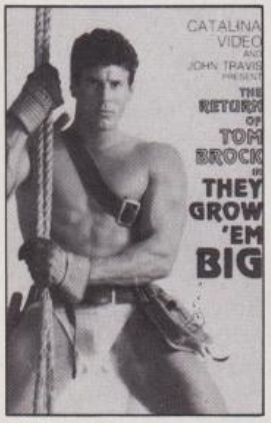

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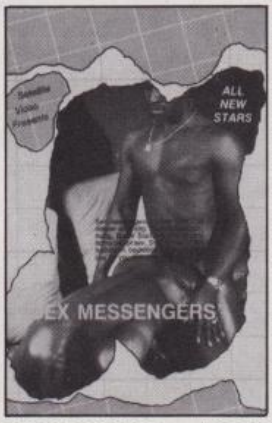

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"Yeah, *he*."

We must have stood on that sidewalk for a full minute, Dash and me eyeballing each other and not saying a word. Even though I only wore a T-shirt, I could feel the sweat dripping down my armpits. Not from nervousness but because it was fucking hot. Florida in summertime is hot as hell. I love it.

A smile began to form on Dash's mouth, and he started nodding his head and poking his tongue at his cheek. I could see the wheels turning. I didn't smile. I kept my hands on my hips, daring him.

Finally, he said, "Let's go."

I led the way home.

I don't keep my air conditioning blasting. I like warm weather. I keep my windows open and almost always can catch an ocean breeze. Still, it is warm in my trailer, and it's small. I asked Dash if he wanted cool air.

"Naw," he said. "I like it like it is." Again came that inscrutable smile. He meant me, not the air.

Terrific. I liked him the way he was too. He was taller than me, and from where I stood it looked like he worked out. His body was muscular but not big, and his ass stood out round and firm in his Navy whites. I guessed he was wearing jockey shorts, but I couldn't see a seam around his ass. His bells weren't that tight.

I had already prepared my baked ziti and made a couple loaves of bread. I put the ziti in the oven to heat. We sat guzzling beers, and Dash told me about his life aboard ship—the gym, his duty as a radio man, his ports of call. I told him about my life in the sands of Florida—my workouts, my job as a typesetter, my ports of call around town. With the oven going, the room was heating up. But when I reached to turn the air conditioner on, Dash said, "Hell, let's just get more comfortable." My thought exactly.

He shrugged out of his uniform, then put his cap back on. I debooted and desocked my feet, stripped off my T-shirt, and dropped my denims. I had on underwear, of course. I always do. The feel and look of white cotton jockeys is my passion. And when I saw Dash without his Navy whites and wearing no shirt, no shoes, no socks, his cap cockily astride his head, it was his white jockey skivvies that really did the trick. Against his light brown body, those briefs of his stood out like a star in hell. And what an ass!

He had a fuzzy bush of dark hair on his chest, in contrast to mine, which is pretty near bare. I told him, "I'd like to have a chest of hair like yours."

He smiled, looked mine over, and said, "You got a damn fine chest."

As I said, my trailer is small. And so's my couch. Sitting on it, we couldn't avoid touching each other. Dash's thigh leaning against mine, the hairs of his leg brushing mine—man, it was great! I wanted to rub my hand down those legs, feel the hairs, lick every inch of him. My crotch read my thoughts: my dick was half hard already. I didn't plan it. Hell, we hadn't even had lunch yet.

I didn't think Dash had noticed my hardening prick. But I was wrong. "Take it slow, buddy," he said.

"I'll try. But it ain't easy." I got up, tugged at my rod, and said, "Let's eat."

When Dash got up, I saw the crotch of his shorts bulging with his expanding piece. I could see there were going to be two cut cocks for dessert—mine and his. And it looked to me like we were going to have a ball. Four of them, all good-sized.

When I asked him if he ever feared getting kicked out of the Navy for cocksucking, he told me, "If they tossed every guy out who sucked cock or had a hard dick up his ass, there wouldn't be anybody left to defend the country. What the fuck do you think we do for sex when we're out at sea for months at a time? Jerk off? Sure we jerk off—we jerk each other."

We both put away too much ziti and bread and wine, and we were bloated when we pushed away from the table. I pulled out the couch to make a bed and threw a tape in the VCR. We lay down and promptly fell asleep.

An hour later, I woke up. I clicked the TV off, lay back down, and smiled at the sight of him. Both of us were glistening with sweat, and there Dash was lying on his back, his cap still on his head, one arm raised on the pillow behind him, breathing gently. I leaned over and licked the abundant dark hair under his armpit. He had a nice aroma of sailor's sweat, and the hairs tickled my tongue. I continued down through the hairs on his chest, gently nibbling each nipple, lapping up the salt, following the trail of black hair to his belly button, down further to the edge of his white briefs.

It wasn't a long journey from the elastic of his skivvies to his dick. That baby was up, ready, and leaning to his waist. I didn't gobble it up right away. I inhaled the smell of sweaty shorts and balls. It was exhilarating—the only true aphrodisiac. I licked the length of his piece, up and down and all around it. I heard him moan sleepily, and then his hand fell, and he rubbed my hair to match the rhythm of my tongue. My dick was fighting to get out of my skivvies now.

I sat up, spread Dash's legs wide, and knelt between them. His eyes were closed, but his smile told me he was enjoying the feeling of waking up with his tool on fire. I placed my hands on his legs and ran them over his ankles and up his calves, letting the hair brush through my fingers.

"Come on up here," he whispered.

His eyes were half open when I leaned up to kiss him, a long, slow, loving kiss. I raised myself up, and he put his arms around my back and pressed my chest into his face, his warm tongue bathing me, dipping into my navel, flushing around my shorts. I knelt and bent over his head on the pillow, knocking off his cap. He had a faceful of my underwear-covered crotch, and his hands were around my ass. He moved me about, watering my shorts with his spit till I was near to shooting. I sat up and on his lap and felt his tool pressing between my crack.

When I put his cap back on his head, he said, "You wear it."

I put it on.

"You look terrific, swabbie," he said.

I slid my hands down his ribs, and my body slid further. When I reached the waistband of his shorts, I worked my fingers inside and behind, my palms warming up the tops of his cheeks. "Turn over,

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sailor," I said.

I didn't get an argument. He turned his body until he was flat on his stomach. I nuzzled each cotton-covered cheek, then pulled his skivvies down just far enough to spy that hole of his. It was surrounded by black hair, and my mouth trailed along the hairs from his back to his crack. I sat up and reached inside my fly and tugged on my hard-on until it snapped out and rested between Dash's cheeks. As soon as my dick hit his flesh, he pressed upward, purred, and pushed his ass around. He wanted it.

I reached for a rubber, ripped the pack open, and worked it down my cock, then leaned into Dash again.

"Oh, yeah, give it to me, sailor," he said. "Put it in me. Pump me. I need it."

"Okay, buddy, you're gonna get it. I'm gonna ream your fucking hole with this studfucker." I bounced my dick on his ass. "I'm gonna fill up your ass with so much cock, there won't be room for you to shit."

I squirted a mound of K-Y on his crack and rubbed my condom-covered cock up and down it, then leaned up and poked my dick between his legs. I'd decided not to warm up his ass with a finger. I wanted him to get the full impact of my dick, and only my dick, inside him. When I lay down on top of him, his white cap tilted back on my head, and I grasped him around the chest and whispered in his ear, my tongue reaching inside to mouth every syllable. "You want it, don't you, Dash, buddy? You want this swabbie's hard dick deep inside your belly, don't you?"

"Yeah, I do, sailor. I want it. Fuck me."

"I bet you've had a shipful of sailors putting their dicks up your ass, haven't you, swabbie? You like it when your ship buddies plow your hole, don't you? Where do you get it, in the shower? In your bunk? In your ass, right?"

Dash breathed out, "Yes, yes, yes. Put it in, buddy. Work it in me."

"You got it, sailor."

I hunched my ass up and my dick slid between his legs. When the tip was on the edge of the opening, I kept it there for a few seconds, until Dash pushed his ass up slightly to urge me inside.

My dickhead entered him, and he moaned, "Oh, yeah, that's it. You found it."

I leaned up on my arms and looked down to see my dick sticking out of my underwear and aiming straight between those cheeks. I watched his hard throbbing dick while I pushed myself slowly down that trail. When my rod was half gone, Dash began wiggling his ass, making sure the head of my cock was touching every velvet crevice inside him.

I wanted more, so I laid my full weight on him and plowed all the way in, till my cotton-covered balls were mashed against his cheeks. He yelled, and I thought I'd hurt him. I was wrong, of course.

"God, what a fucking beautiful monster dick," my sailor moaned. "Fucking, fucking, fuck-ass fucker!"

He raised up on all fours with me on top of him until neither my hands nor my feet were touching the bed. He went fucking wild, like a bucking bronco. I held on for dear life, wrapped an arm round his chest, and latched onto enough hair to make him yell. And he did—with pleasure. My other arm was around his waist, grasping the handle between his legs for support. I didn't even have to jerk it. The ride was doing that.

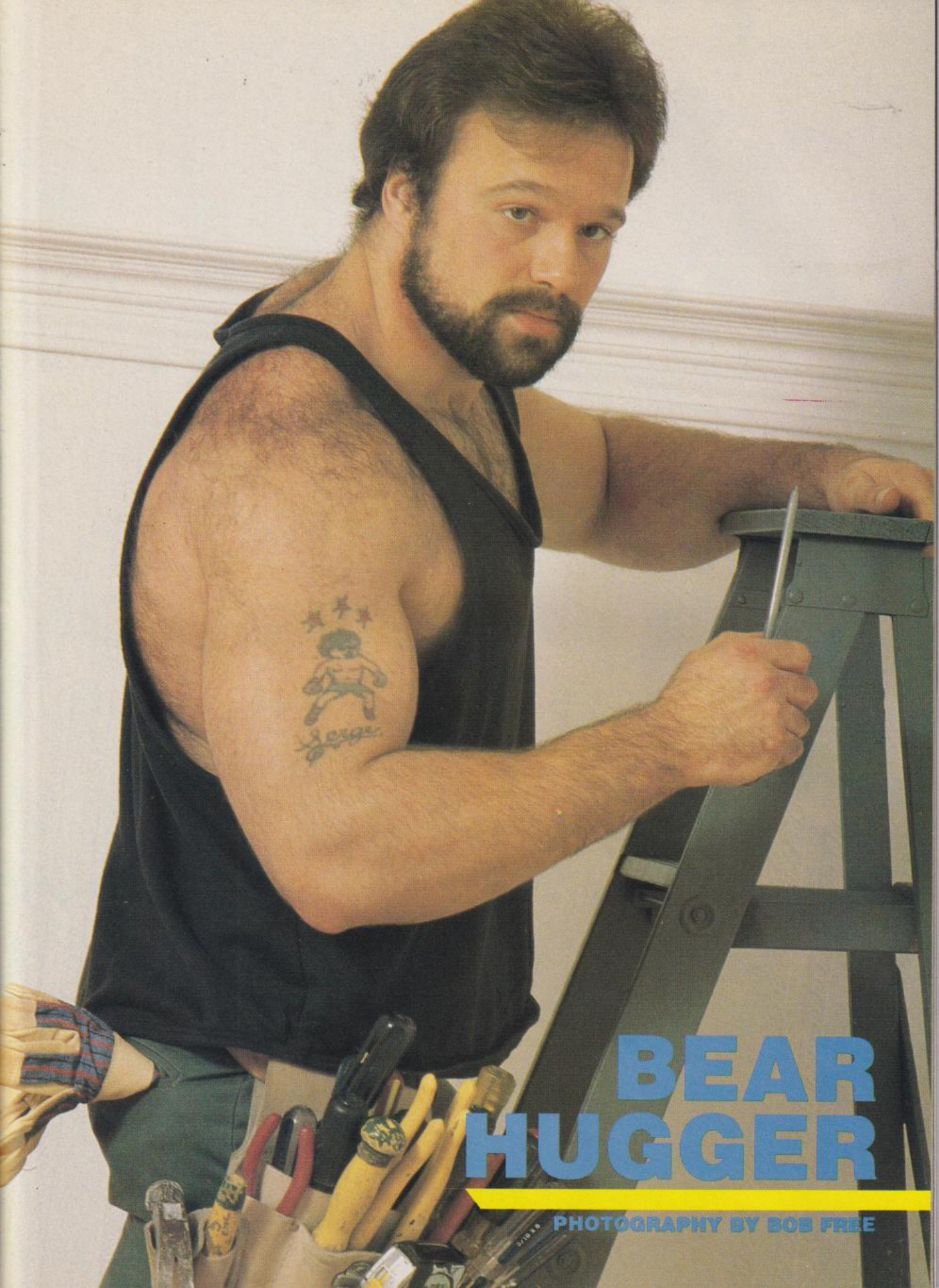
"Ride me," Dash lashed out. "Ride my fucking wild ass, sailor," he shouted.

He was like a fucking bull with his legs tied at his thighs by his skivvies. I heard his shorts ripping, but I didn't care and neither did he.

"Plug me. Plug my asshole with all you got," he said, again near a yell. "Butt me. Butt my goddamn ass with that seafood piece of fucking man's meat!"

I did just that. I let go of his chest, held my cap tight, held onto his dick with my other hand, and yelled into his ear, "You got it, sailor. I'm fucking gonna fill your insides with my fucking man juices!" My dick shot off like a fire hose at a four-alarmer. When the last drop spit into the tip of the rubber, I collapsed on top of him.

After that wild ride, I don't even remember rolling off him and snoozing out. The next thing I do remember was feeling his rod between my legs. I way lying on my stomach, my underwear pushed below my cheeks, and Dash had his cap on his head, his sailor's dickhead poking its way into my ass. It was his turn. ■



BEAR HUGGER

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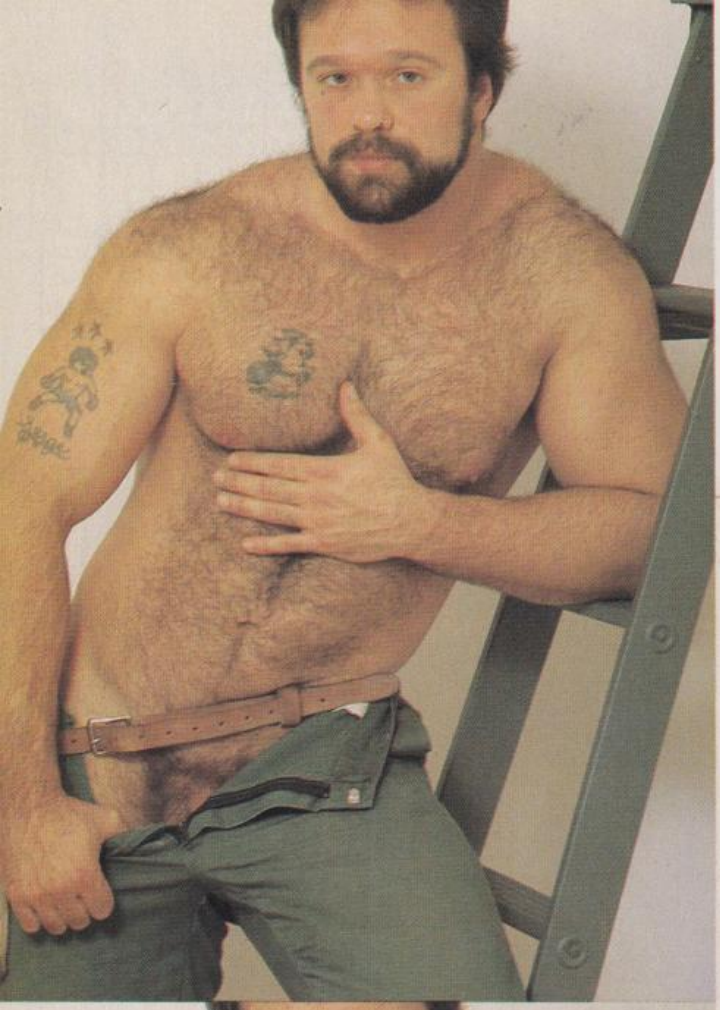

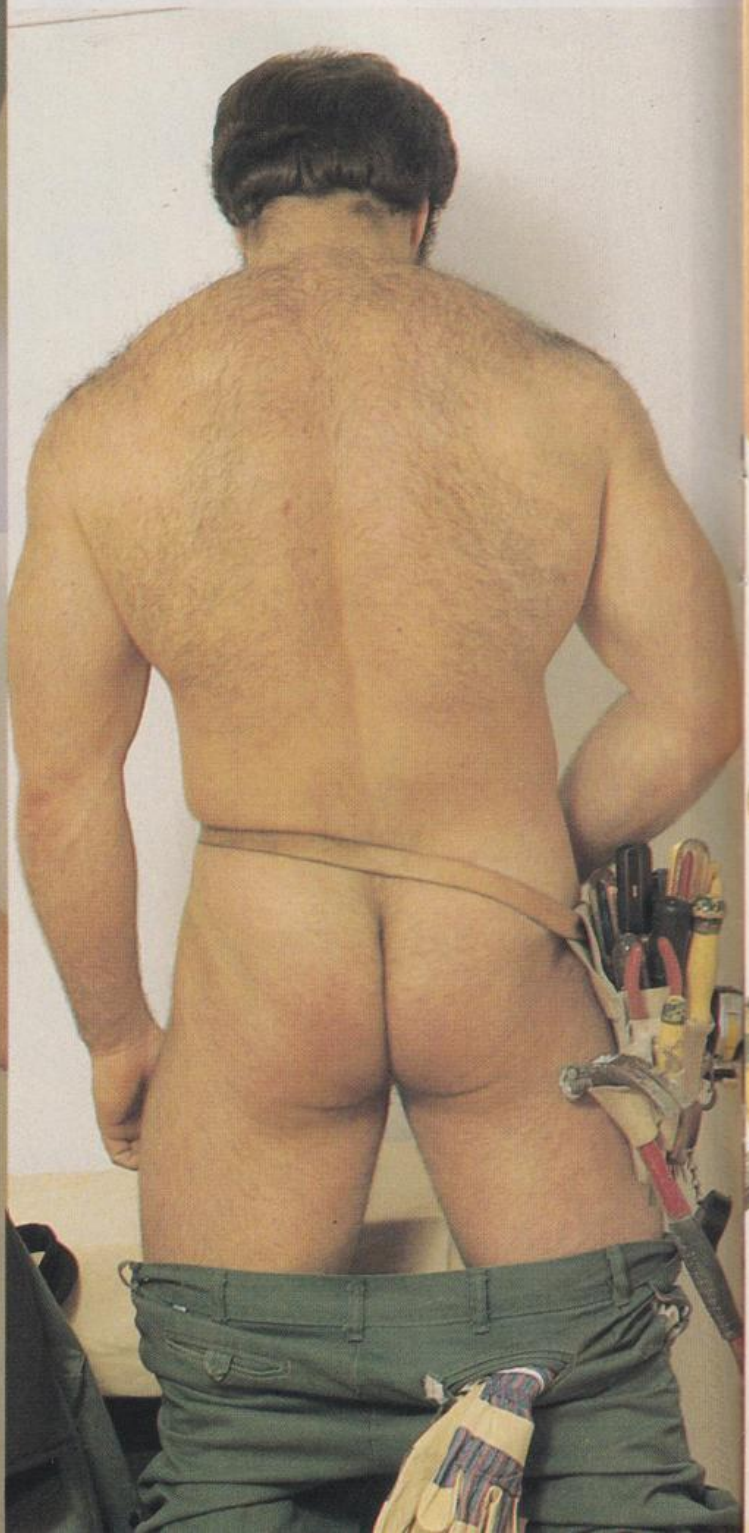

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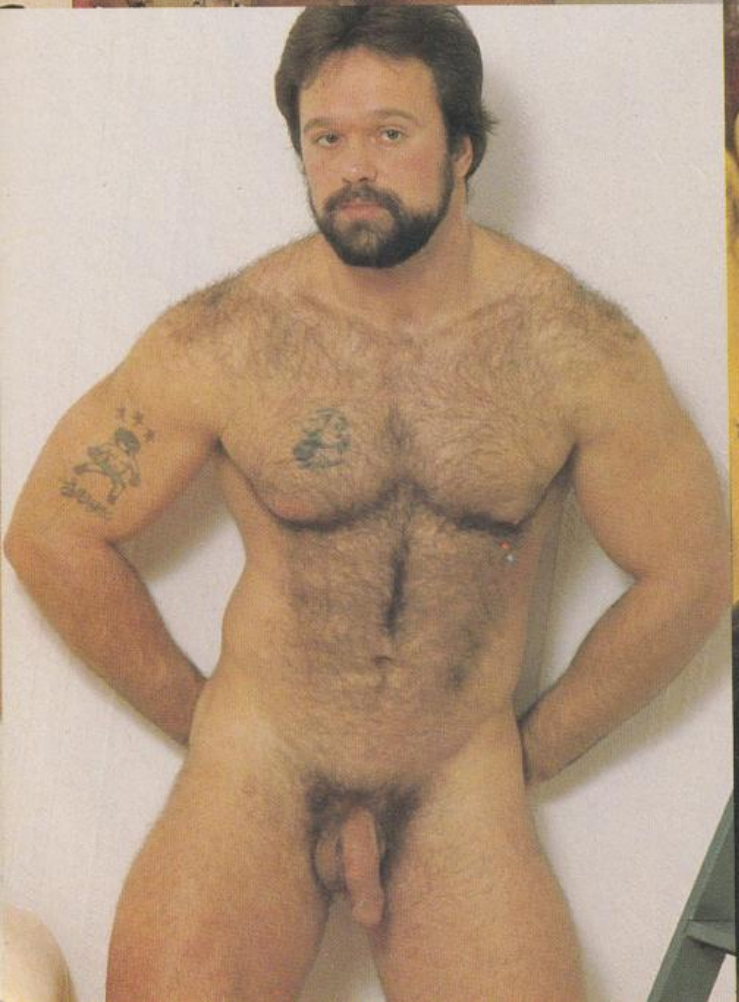

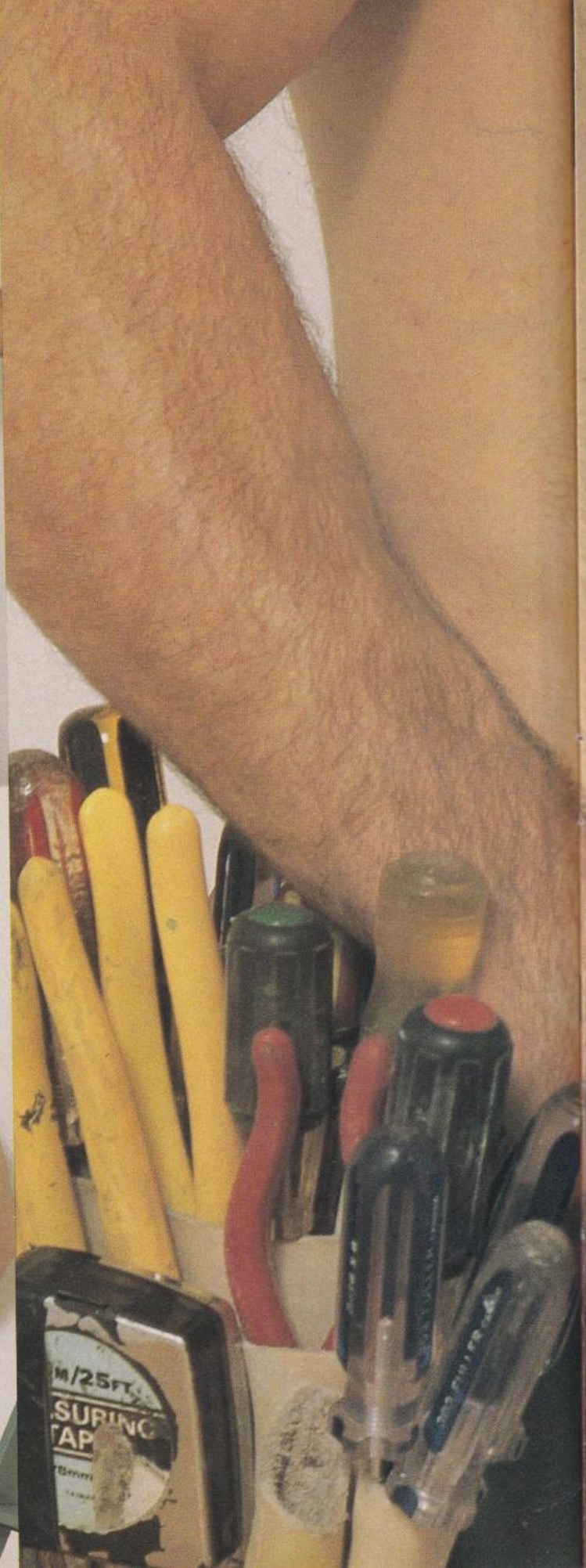

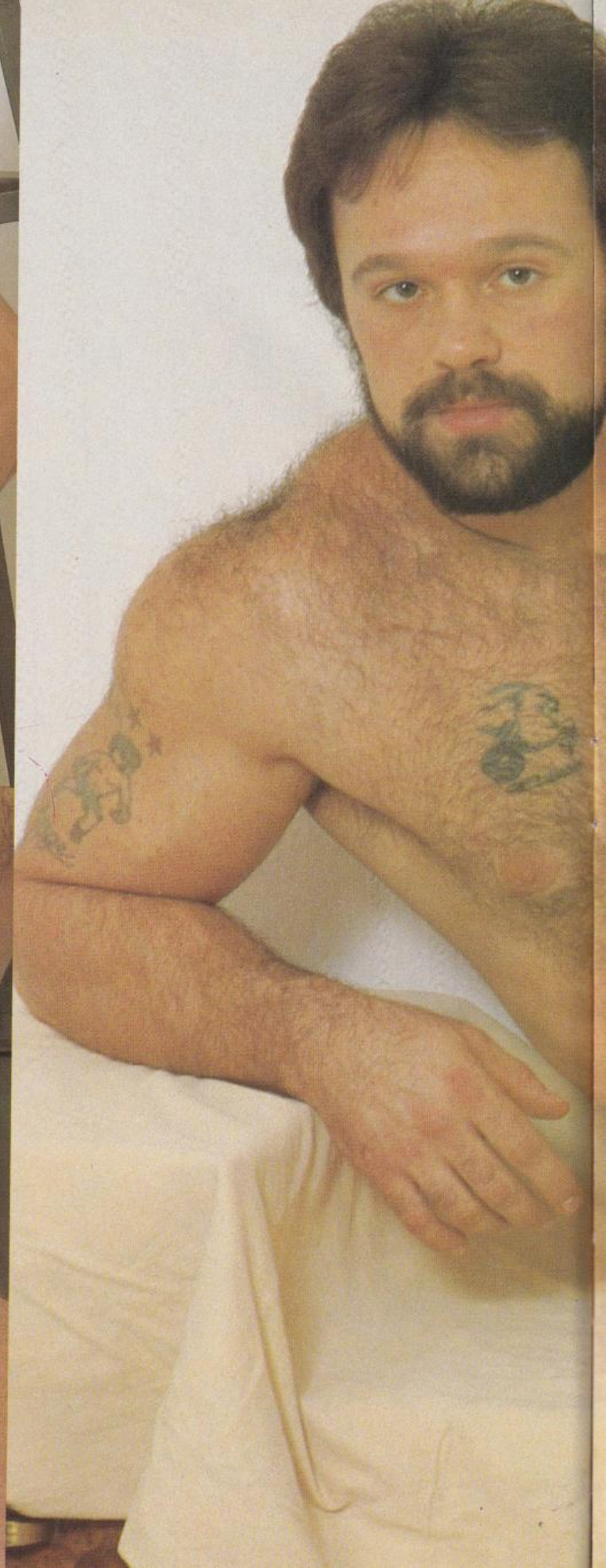

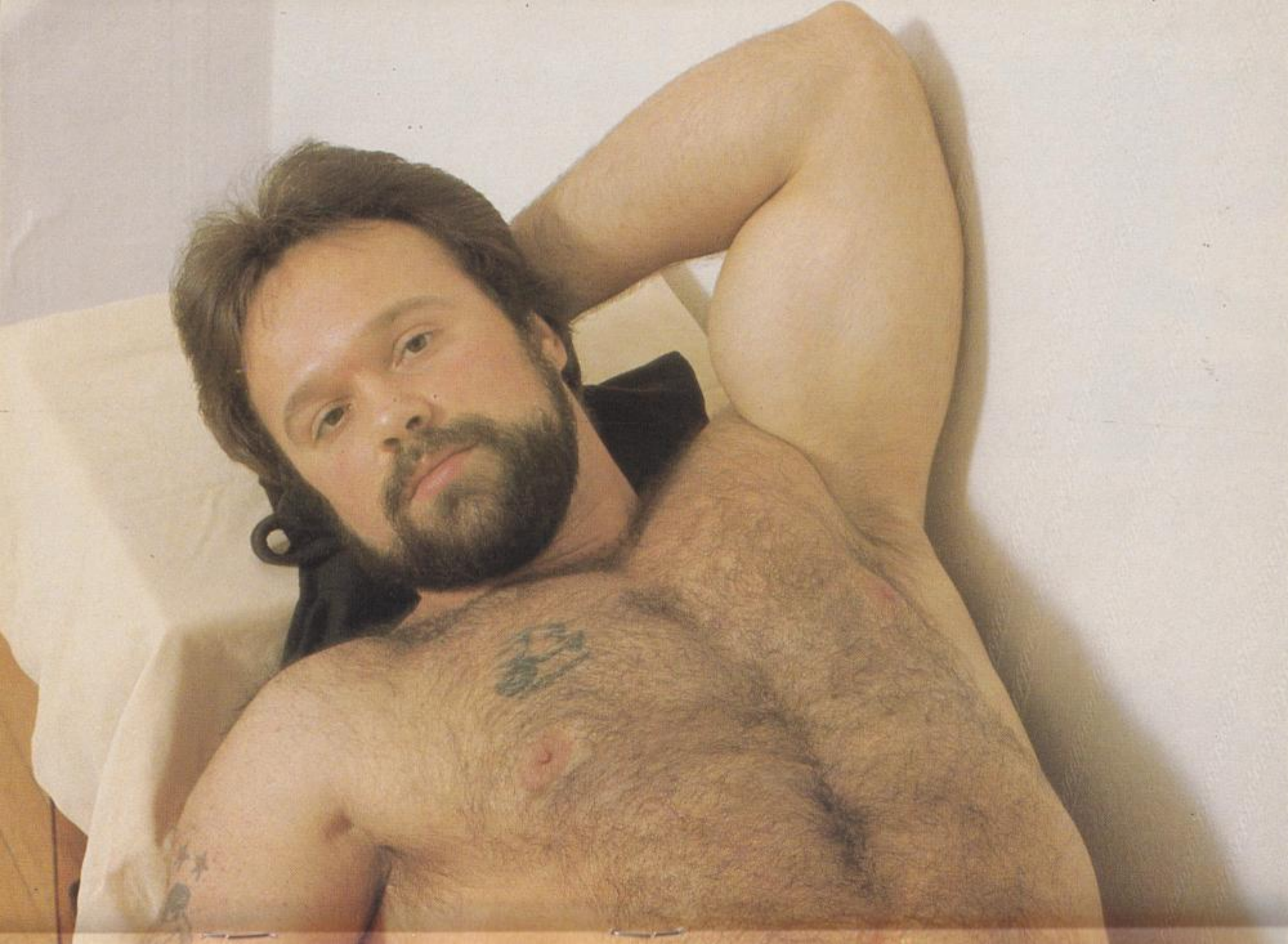

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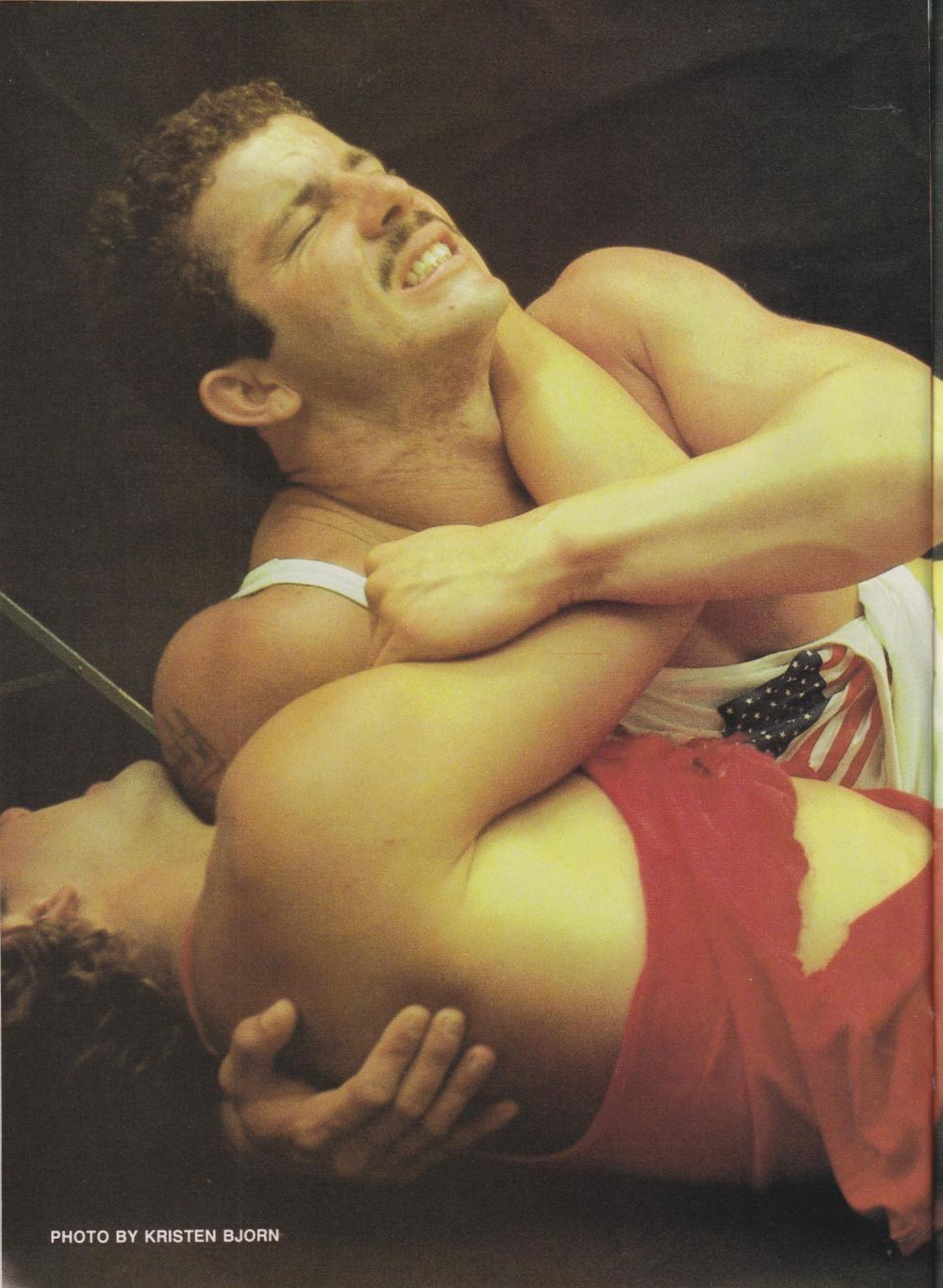

PHOTO BY KRISTEN BJORN

They were awesome in name *and* size, and then there was me!

TAG TEAM THREESOME

By Bill Bardelli

I signed the motel register and dropped the pen, trying to resign myself to an unscheduled night in Flagstaff, Arizona. I should have flown from Los Angeles to Phoenix as usual for my annual summer call on the family but the car rental promotion had been too good a deal to resist. Or so it had seemed. At least the lousy hunk of plastic and tin had decided to break down near civilization instead of in the middle of the desert. I'd only be one day late getting home.

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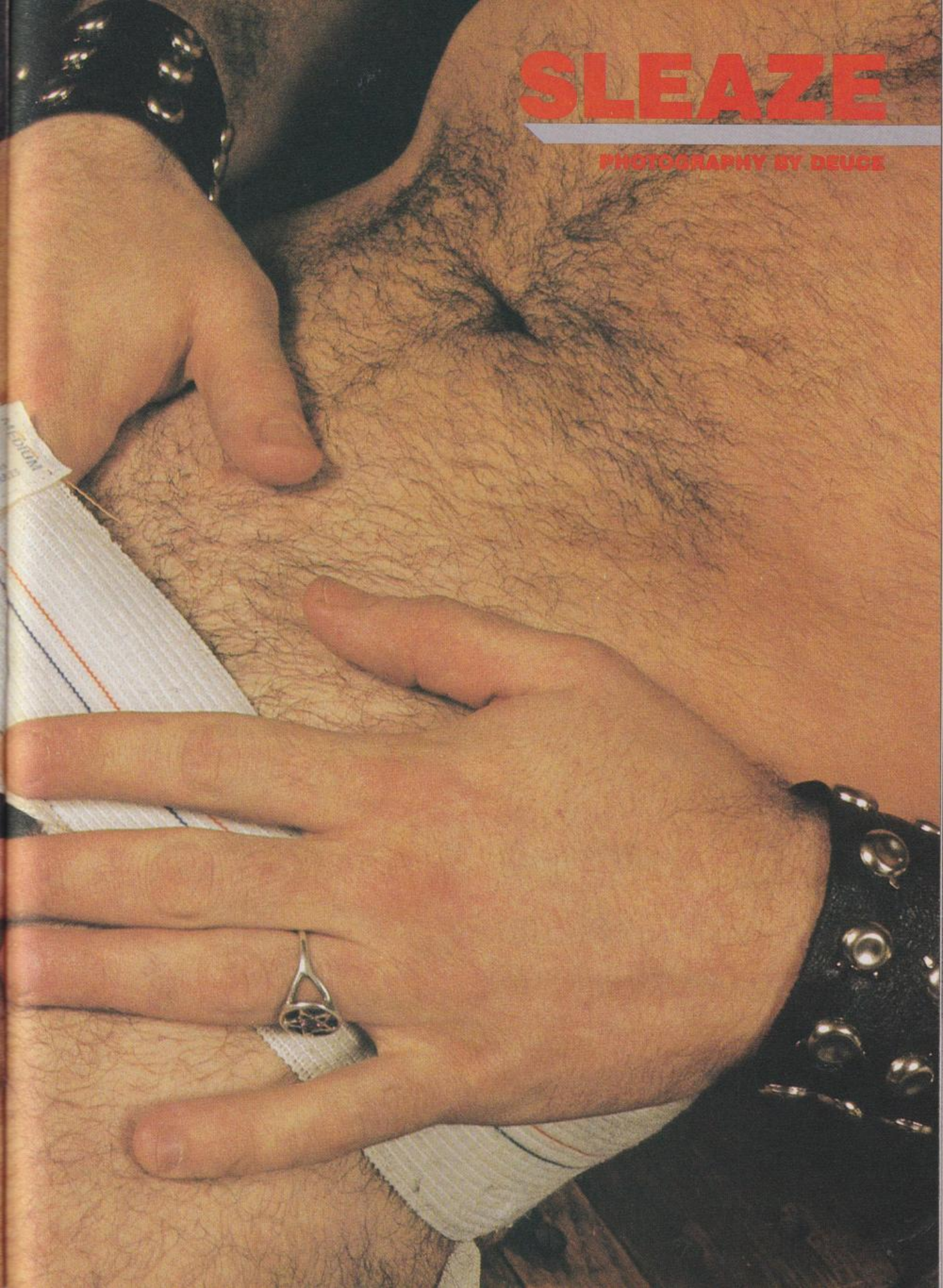
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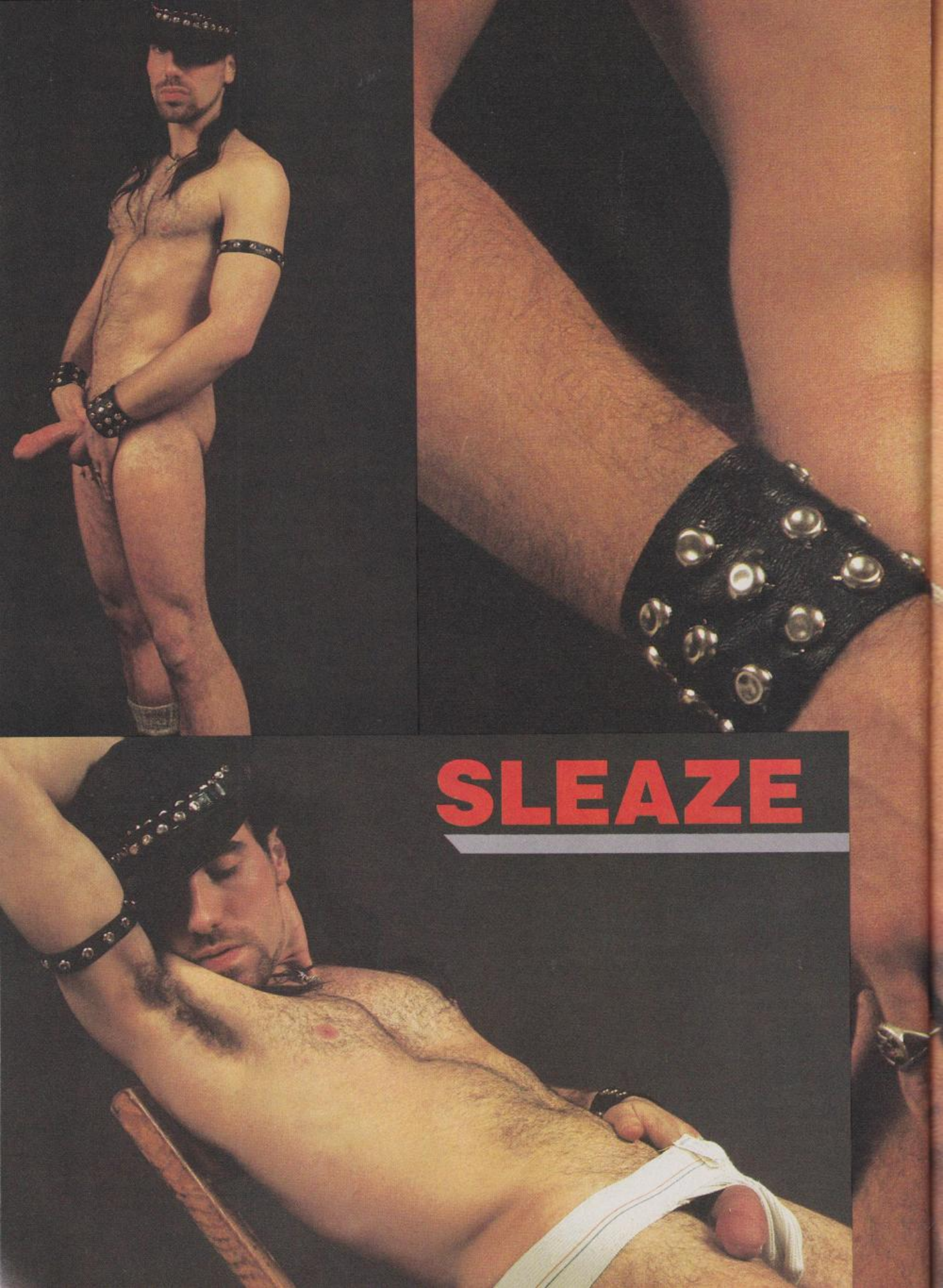
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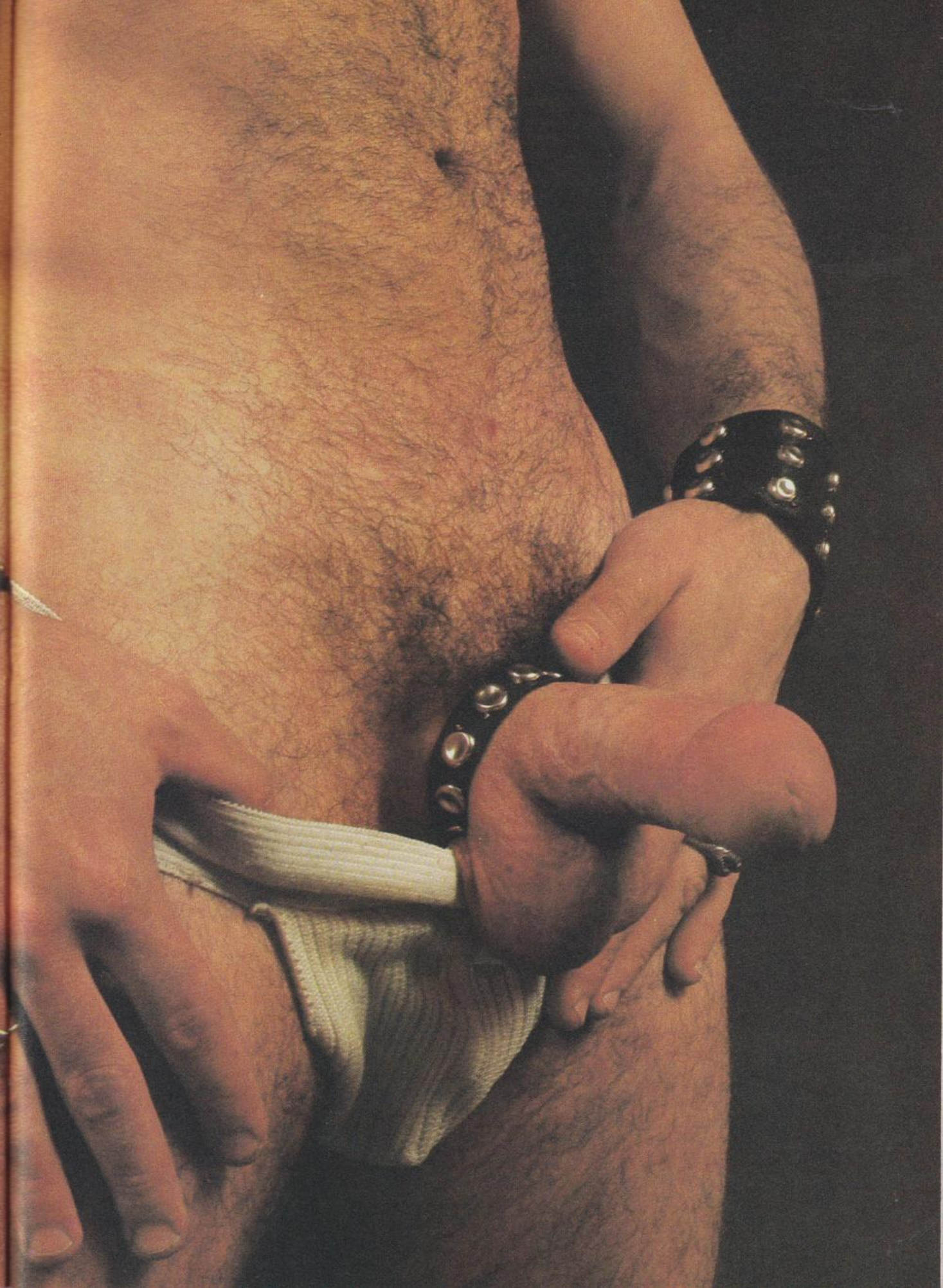

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TAG TEAM THREESOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

"107," the old man read the key as he handed it over. "You'll be rubbing shoulders with celebrities," he confided. "The Awesome Anderson Twins are right above you in 207."

"Who?" I asked.

"The Awesome Anderson Twins," the man repeated, as if he were talking to an alien. "Andy and Randy. Of course, they aren't really twins; in fact, they're not even brothers, but they're the meanest tag team on the pro wrestling circuit. They missed their connection to Salt Lake, so they're here for the night. Biggest thing to happen to the Lone Pine Motel since the blizzard of..." Movement outside the picture window caught his eye as he spoke and he interrupted himself with a gasp. "There they go now!"

My eyes followed his gaze and fell upon two men moving toward the parking lot. They were hardly twins; they didn't even look alike. But I wouldn't have called them liars. The one in the lead was about six-foot-four, with the frame of an overdeveloped swimmer. His wavy blond hair framed a square-jawed face and glimmered in the bright sunlight with a range of shades not commonly associated with nature. His blue polo shirt stretched tautly over tan biceps and shoulders, plunging into a "V" at the deep valley between his pectorals. The baggy gym shorts couldn't camouflage the round curve of his ass, riding high over the flared muscles of golden-haired thighs.

As impressive as he was, his partner made him look almost ordinary. He must have been six-foot-eight and probably close to three hundred pounds, all of it impressively-proportioned, rock-hard muscle. His biceps were the size of a normal man's thighs; his thighs the girth of my waist. The straight, bleached-white hair hung to his shoulders and the handsome face was decorated with an elaborate mustache in darker shades. The lifeguard suntan glistened under a light coating of oil. The white sweatshirt with the arms ripped out did little to cover his gargantuan chest. The seams of the gray sweatpants seemed to strain with each wide-gaited step.

I felt a chill as the pair thundered up the wooden staircase on the other side of the courtyard. It was something like having jungle beasts on the prowl outside my door.

"Ain't they something?" the clerk whistled.

"Quite a pair," I agreed with mixed feelings. First of all, they made me nervous. At five-eleven and one-seventy, I'm not exactly tiny, but these guys made me feel like a first-class wimp. My second thought made me even more nervous—speculating what they'd be like in bed. The idea of being smothered under all those muscles was hard to imagine, but I shivered to realize that it was exactly what I wanted to do.

"Check-out time's eleven a.m." The clerk pulled me back to reality.

"OK," I said, picking up my bag and closing my gaping jaw.

The rest of the day was uneventful—a chicken-fried steak dinner at the diner across the highway, some old movies on TV in my room afterward. Not exactly a red-letter evening in my life, but not unpleasant when I accepted the fact that there were no alternatives. I turned off the television, showered, and crawled between the sheets, content to write off the day and escape into a sound sleep.

The noise started almost on cue—a regular thump-thump-thump above me. It went on for a few minutes, stopped, then began again. The pattern continued for fifteen minutes, seeming to grow louder with each new set of thumps, and I flicked on the light and dialed the office.

"That'd probably be the Andersons," the clerk surmised when I described the racket. "The wrestling magazines say they do a workout every night before bed."

"At midnight?"

"Seems kind of strange to me, too," he agreed, "But I guess each athlete's got his own personalized program."

"I'm trying to sleep!" I heard myself shout. "Can't you do something about it?"

"You want *me* to tell the Awesome Andersons to put their barbells away?" he chuckeled. "How about if we move you to another room instead?"

I slammed the phone down and threw off the blanket, pulling on my jeans in almost the same movement. It occurred to me that the clerk might have a point as I padded barefoot up the wooden steps, but something outside the realm of logic goaded me on. I gave the flimsy door three sharp raps and it immediately swung open."

My caution rushed back to me in a surge. The larger of the two wrestlers filled the entire doorway, looking down on me with his big blue eyes. Thankfully they were more curious than angry about the

He stood totally nude by the night table. One hand held the bottle of clear oil they used to put the sheen on their muscles. The other hand slowly stroked his fat, blond-framed cock, growing bigger with each tug. The head popped through his greased fingers.

The pouch of elasticized cotton seemed to be expanding right before my eyes. The giant's free hand was suddenly upon it, kneading the heavy bulge with fingertips and palm. Two fingers reached inside the elastic at the side and pulled forward. First one hairless, egg-sized nut slipped out of the pouch, then the other.

disturbance outside their door. He wore a red satin robe draped loosely over his shoulders. My eyes leveled with the two mountainous pectorals that glistened with sweat and oil. They tapered into the wide washboard of a belly that disappeared under a white jockstrap. My eyes seemed to freeze at that point, riveted to the tufts of blond fuzz that coated the insides of his thighs. My larynx had frozen along with my eyes, and he was actually the first one to speak.

"Yeah?" The word was more like a rumble, emanating from somewhere in the depths of his diaphragm.

"Uh...it's about the noise," I finally managed, searching for words frozen inside my brain.

The giant seemed to notice the hot night air. He placed a paw on my naked arm and pulled me inside with no visible effort. "You're letting out the cold air," he growled and shut the door. "Now what's this about noise?"

My eyes caught his partner, the shorter (six-foot-four) one with wavy hair. He was lying on the floor clad in white nylon trunks, a barbell across his chest. Three huge weights on each end of it strained and defined the muscles of his upper body as he hoisted it and held it aloft, then let it fall again with a mighty thud.

"That!" I tried to explain. "My room is directly below and I'm trying to sleep."

The giant digested this information and grinned, obviously not very impressed by my request for quiet. He draped a big mitt over my bare shoulder. "Hey, man, *I'd* like some quiet too, but Randy just can't sleep without his workout."

"You think I *like* doing this every night?" Randy asked, rolling the barbell forward and rising to a squat. He took a deep breath and hoisted, rising to a standing position with the barbell at shoulder level. "You think this is my idea of *fun*?"

"I...uh...don't..."

"Fun, hell!" Randy shouted. "*You* try it."

He shoved the barbell toward me, and with a reflex reaction I accepted it into my own hands. He released it with an extra forward thrust, I reeled for a moment, afraid to drop what felt like half a ton onto my toes. The push sent me backward. I had no choice but to topple over onto the bed. My back hit the mattress and the bar slammed into my chest. The air rushed out of my lungs and I could feel the beginnings of a black-and-blue streak across my nipples. I guess the springs of the mattress saved me from serious injury; still, I was pinned to it by the three huge metal disks on either side of my shoulders.

For a second I thought I'd blacked out, but it passed. My hands, still on the bar, started to push it forward. I rolled it down past my ribcage when it stopped. Looking to my right I saw the resistance—the giants' huge bare foot had risen to the bed level and wedged itself against the weights. I looked up, over the tan calf and thigh, past the meaty haunch bisected by the strip of white elastic jockstrap that his stance had exposed beneath the satin robe. Farther above that was his square-jawed, white-toothed grin, like a huge tomcat toying with a scrawny mouse.

"How's that feel?" Randy demanded from the foot of the bed. "You think I *enjoy* throwing that thing around all night?"

I was distracted from a reply by the hand which was suddenly at the button of my jeans. I guess if I'd been given the chance to think about it I wouldn't have found much reason to object, but my spontaneous reaction was to try and squirm away. My feet began to curl up for a kick but Randy anticipated my tactic. He leaned forward, trapping each ankle under one of his shins as he knelt on the bed. My left hand pushed at the free end of the barbell but the giant leaned forward and traped it with his hand. He swung his other leg across the mattress and secured the barbell with both hands, trapping me like a pinned butterfly underneath. I looked up at him stooping above me, his tree-trunk thighs rising on either side of my ears to join at the white pouch of his jock barely a foot from my face. Meanwhile, his partner had successfully undone my jeans and peeled them down my thighs. He momentarily freed one ankle, then the other, as he slid the jeans over my legs and threw them on the floor. Despite my initial feelings of panic, I could feel my cock begin to twitch and grow.

His right hand seized my ankle once again, pushing it back toward my head. The giant accepted it from him like a relay baton, bending it back even farther. He eased up the left side of the barbell with his knee and slipped my foot under the bar. Removing his knee and replacing his paw on the metal rod, my leg was effectively trapped by the heel beside my ear. They repeated the operation with my right leg and I was suddenly a jackknifed sphere of naked flesh,

helpless and immobile, my ass spread wide and vulnerable.

Randy got off the bed and I strained to look at him over my upturned calf. He'd taken off his shorts and stood totally nude by the night table. One hand held the bottle of clear oil they used to put the sheen on their muscles. The other hand slowly stroked his fat, blond-framed cock, growing bigger with each tug. The head popped through his greased fingers, each second of friction making it redder and fatter. His blue eyes crinkled into a smile as he looked above me to his partner and his wide mouth opened for a short laugh as they shared a silent joke.

He was behind me again in one quick step, squatting before my spreadeagled thighs. I gasped as I felt a big dollop of the warm oil drip onto the opening of my ass. It was followed by two fat fingers that didn't waste any time poking inside of me. They twisted around and I yelled, a short cry that was stifled by a big mitt over my mouth.

The hand over my mouth wasn't necessary for long. Feeling so totally aroused I soon went limp, and my asshole opened wider to accept the fingers. I slowly squirmed as best I could while they twisted and turned inside me. The middle finger of the hand over my face, as long and as wide as some guys' cocks, slipped between my lips and explored the inside of my mouth. I felt a sudden impulse to bit down hard but it quickly passed. I ran my tongue over it instead.

The two fingers behind me departed with a pop. I felt the heat of a body moving closer, then a fat column of flesh pressing where the fingers had been. I couldn't see what was happening but I heard a satisfied gasp as the head slipped inside. It met little resistance from my lubed and fingered hole. I arched my back as best I could, and the cock sank deeper inside me. My lips seemed to find a mind of their own and began to suck hungrily on the finger between them.

By rolling my eyes back and twisting my neck I could see an expanse of shiny, hairless thigh. Above that, the pouch of elasticized cotton seemed to be expanding right before my eyes. The giant's free hand was suddenly upon it, kneading the heavy bulge with fingertips and palm. Two fingers reached inside the elastic at the side and pulled forward. First one hairless, egg-sized nut slipped out of the pouch, then the other. The fingers stretched the elastic upward and the base of his thick shaft at last emerged. But freeing the entire rod was a two-handed operation; he pulled the finger from my mouth and tugged the shaft of cock to the side. It popped free of the jock and bobbed in the air just above my nose.

Anything less than gigantic would have been dwarfed between the tree-trunk thighs, but the cock was magnificently in proportion to the man. Almost as thick around as my wrist and as long as any I'd ever encountered in person before, it was crowned by an angry purplish-red circumcized head the size of a small fist. He inched forward and pressed down on it with an open palm. I opened my mouth and it barely managed to slip inside.

The idea was more arousing than the reality. Its scent at my nostrils made the faster-and-faster thrusts into my wide-open ass feel better by the second, but it was all in my mind. I ran my tongue over all the slick, hard flesh I could reach, tasting the corded underside and slipping the tip deep inside the piss-slit, but I couldn't truly do it justice. A suction producing liplock couldn't be sustained for more than a few seconds and working it without some teeth scrapes was impossible. I let out a discouraged sigh and he grunted in understanding, seemingly resigned to living with his handicap. He dislodged the pole from my mouth and knelt motionless above me.

The thrusts from behind me were pushing me slowly up the bed and I arched my neck further. My tongue reached the underside of the shaft just below the crown and I began to trace wet patterns over it. The giant responded with a gentle swaying forward motion, his nuts grazng the ridge of my eyebrows or the tip of my nose as he ran the length of his cock over my upstretched tongue. With the weight of the barbell now down on my ankles, I took my right hand and snaked it up between his thighs. He grunted as my fist found the head and barely encircled it. It felt like a stick shift on a ten-wheeler and I tried to work it through all its gears.

The thrusts behind me got stronger and quicker, nudging me farther up the sheet. More shaft slipped into my fist and the big sac of nuts fell from the tip of my nose to rest on my lips. I suctioned them in one at a time, coating the hairless skin with my saliva. They rolled in and out as I twisted my neck, and soon I could feel my cheeks and nose and chin shining with spit.

My hand still working the shaft met with a sudden resistance; I groped and discovered that it was

The thrusts behind me got stronger and quicker, nudging me farther up the sheet. More shaft slipped into my fist and the big sac of nuts fell from the tip of my nose to rest on my lips. I suctioned them in one at a time, coating the hairless skin with my saliva.

the square-jawed face of the other wrestler, his wide lips wrapped around the fat crown that had recently been in my own mouth. Randy wasn't having much more success, seeming content to mostly lick and kiss the huge organ instead of suck. Whatever he was doing seemed to please the giant. He emitted a series of satisfied grunts and rocked rhythmically back and forth. The slippery nuts fell off my chin and I found my face suddenly entering the canyon between his haunches.

The tight pink eye staring back at me seemed absurdly out of place, like size-five sneakers on a basketball player. It was dwarfed by the pair of shining hairless globes surrounding it, trapping my nose in a haze of musk and sweat and coconut oil. My tongue shot out on its own volition and tasted, evoking another deep growl. He continued to rock back and forth, and my mouth quickly traced a trail of saliva up and down the crack of his ass.

My hand, still wrapped around the column jutting out in front of him, could feel it stiffen and thicken even more. The mouth slamming against my forefinger and the ridge of the fat cockhead quickened its velocity. After another growl I could feel the cord on the underside expand and begin to move its load up the shaft. The ass cheeks suddenly snapped together in an isometic grip, clutching my nose in a vise-like hold that had me breathing through my mouth.

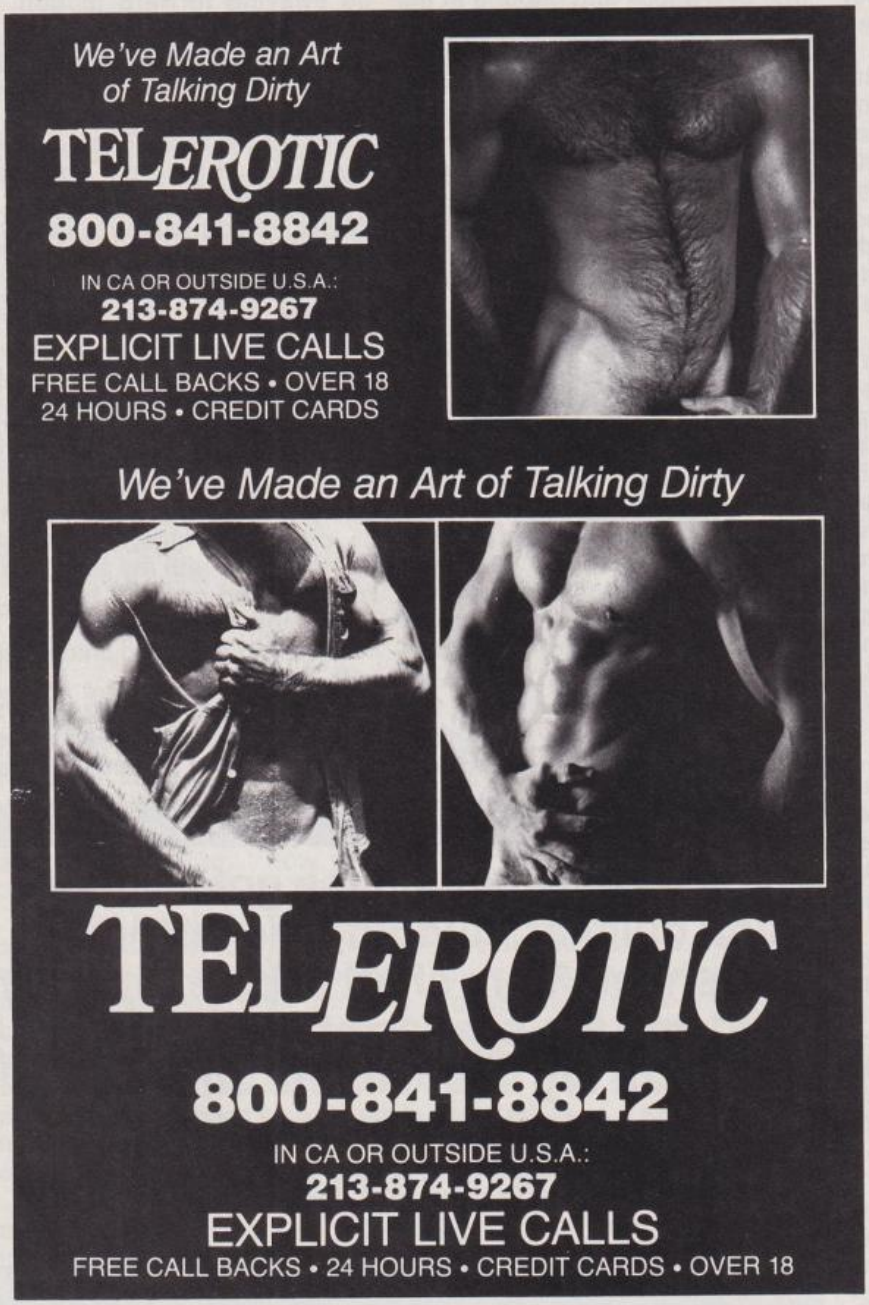
The next growl was more like a roar. I thought I could hear cartilage break in the bridge of my nose as I felt the cock in front of me unload. What the wet lips at my fingers couldn't contain began to drip down into my closed palm. The giant gave a final wheeze of exhaustion and sat back on his ankles.

The pace of the man pounding against my ass grew faster, closing in on his own orgasm, and he shot inside me just as I was beginning to see stars, both of us letting out muffled shouts. The fat cock lobbed down over my cheek, still dripping a stream of cum. My mighty gasps of breath whistled over his nuts hanging on either side of my nose.

I could feel my own hard-on still poking up full throttle between my wishbone thighs. I felt my captor lean slightly forward and cup it in his fist. My dick disappeared into the huge paw. It took only a few strokes for me to shoot over my belly and his hand. He chuckled as he wiped it all over my chest, then got up from the bed.

I was still catching my post-orgasmic breath and my legs were just starting to unfold when the other arm caught me around the waist and lifted me off the bed like a rag doll. He scooped up my jeans in the other hand and opened the door, depositing me outside in the heat of the Arizona night. The door slammed in my face as I fought to keep my balance.

A few seconds later I could hear the steady thud, thud, thud of the barbell again. I picked up my jeans and turned toward the stairs, deciding that I could live with the noise for an evening. In fact, it was going to sound just like a lullaby—perfect music for another jerk-off session. ■



SEX FIEND

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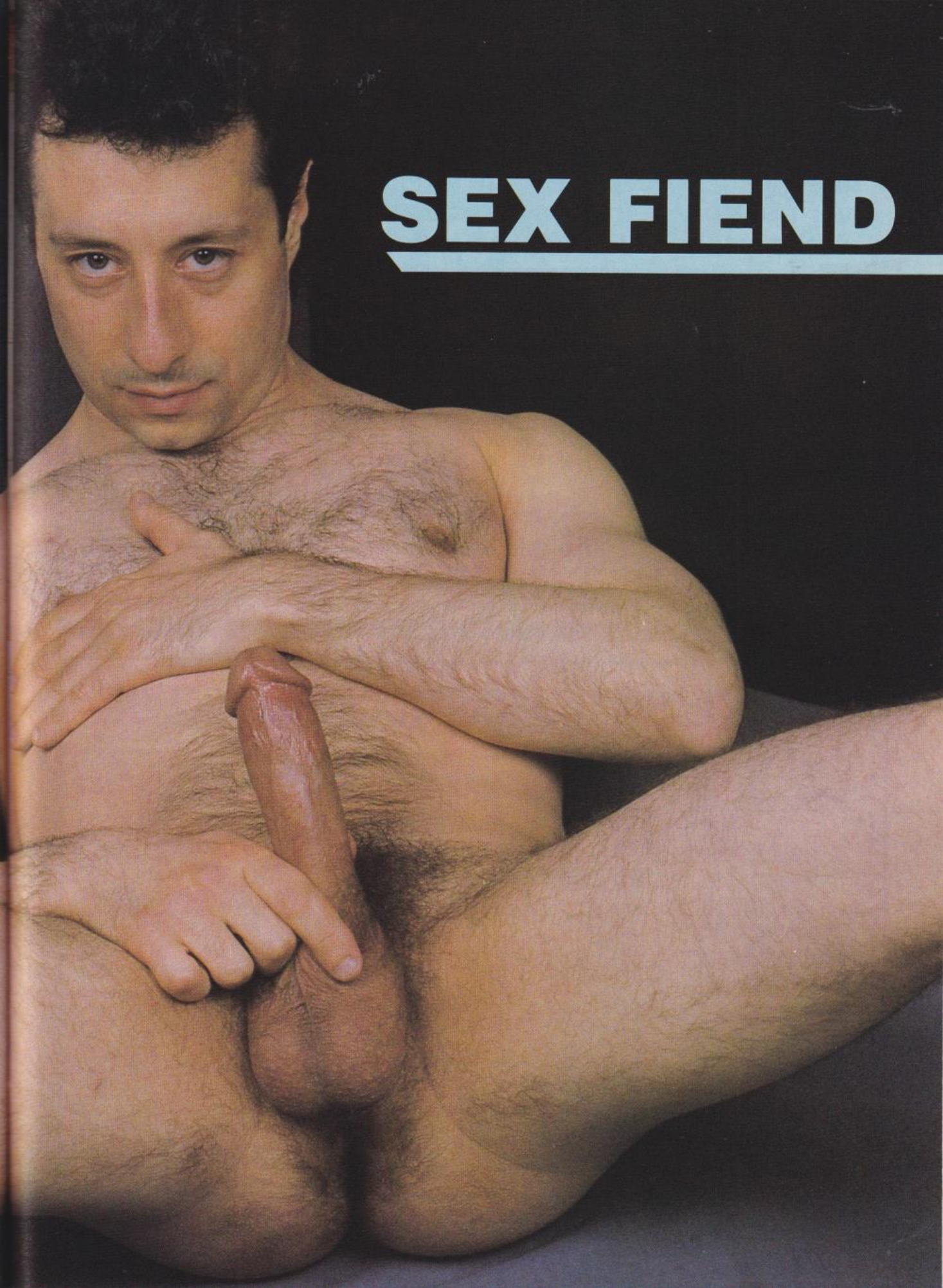
SEX FIEND

IN THE MARKET FOR A COP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

The sweat of his jock was intoxicating, the taste of his cock through the sweaty mesh potent, the aroma over-powering. I tried to reach down with my tongue to get at his nuts.

Chris leaned over over me, had his billy club at work again, slimy with my own spit, moving to my hole. When I felt the cop tentatively probe his club in my hole, I opened my mouth and gulped that fucking cop's prick down to where my toenails once were. Chris moaned, his chest still sweating, covering my back, his club easing its way into my ass. He did it, he hit it. With the billyclub easing its way into my ass, all the cum juice built up over a day of sweat spurted out of my cock that was still covered in my skivvies. My head flashed, my mind whirled, I went down on that cop's beautiful fucking dick, sweating, coughing, loving the feel of his stick up my hole, cumming in my shorts, until the cop let out a husky groan as he plastered his crotch to my face, never giving an inch, forcing me to keep his goddamn stiff fucking cock down my cock-sucking throat, his club up my ass, until every drop of skuz was forced out of the head of his dick into the rubber.

That performance exhausted both of us. But it wasn't our last. I can now truthfully say that I've sucked a cop off. Not only that, I can say I've fucked a cop in the ass, too. We were a bit more comfortable then. He came over to my air-conditioned trailer. Let me tell you how it started. We changed gear and roles. Chris got undressed, I put on his uniform, his underwear, his gun, he put on my jockey shorts...■

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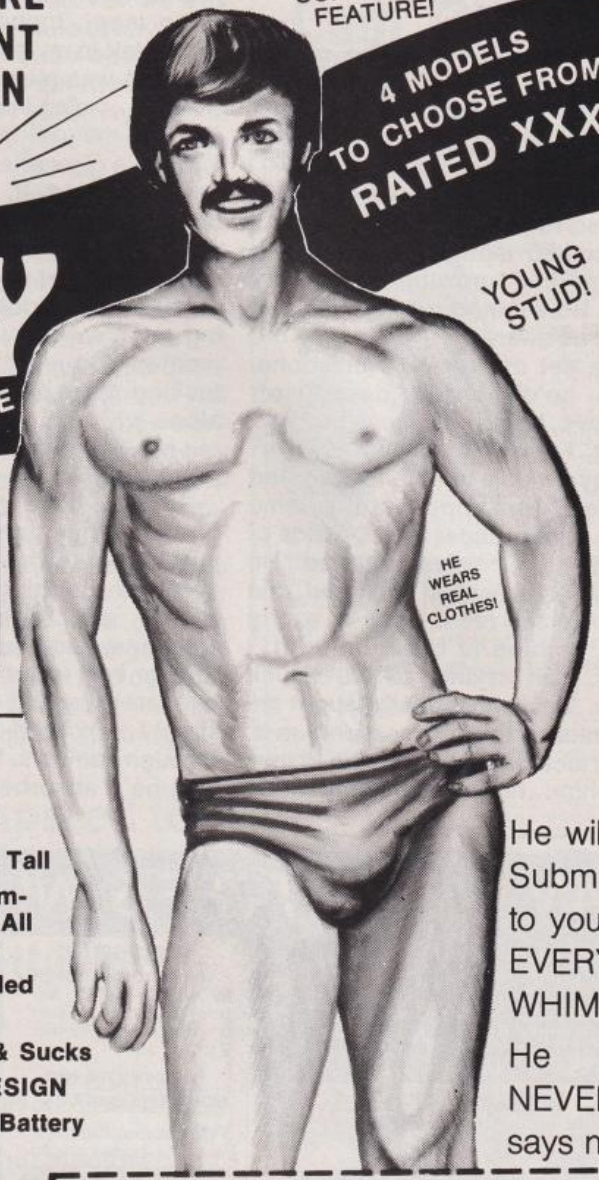

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BODYGUARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

dropping the weights, he swung those massive thighs and calves around with the delicacy of a wheat field fluttering in the summer breeze.

I would spot his bench-presses, rivetted to the vision of his dense hair-coated mounds swelling and huffing and growing before my eyes. He seemed not to even see me or be aware of my presence until the set of presses were done. Then he'd pant a deep, soft "Thanks, David." At the gym, I was David. Anywhere else, I was "Sir." The gym was a temple for us...and we were worshippers at the same altar...equals under iron. Outside of the gym, our roles returned. He stood near me when I pumped, and he corrected me if I was in wrong form, or tried to cheat on a lift. I soon quit trying to hit quick goals...he'd subliminally taught me the value of the path: *staying* on it, in perfect form! I was falling in love with him...not in some silly giddy high-school way...in fact "in love" is an inept, incomplete word for what I felt in my heart and mind for Mack. It was more on the level of a fusion...being impregnated by his fire, his magnificence.

Mack's cigarette was a prop. He never inhaled it. He just let it dangle from his lips. He liked the ominous thing it gave his stare. He laughed a short snort when he told me this. I had kidded him about being such a spiritual and physical mentor for me, all except for the fucking cigarettes. When he was alone with me, the cigarette was put out. He needed no props to impress me. He knew that.

Once he began to be my bodyguard, he always carried notebooks with him. He made notes of anything I showed him about sabotage procedures, weapons, and undercover tactics. I never had to repeat myself, and he rarely asked questions. He simply absorbed all I said, as if through osmosis. I wondered what else he'd absorbed and observed in me. Did he see the love that was growing for him inside my mind? Did he catch the stolen glances I would take at his big body? Did he see the admiration flickering in my eyes? Part of me hoped he did, while another part of me feared his reaction.

What he felt for me, in turn,...I could barely guess, so I didn't let the thoughts surface. Why torture myself? You see, Mack was a master of his emotions, too. An unfathomable impenetrable density shielded his heart. Faint glimmers would flicker past his eyes if he were angry or upset. But these sparks were fleeting and rare. Was I the only one to see them? Probably...

When the committee was organized to investigate my dealings in Russia, I saw a soft shadow pass over his eyes. He stared at me, waiting to see how I reacted to the accusations. My calm assured him of my innocence. His peace returned to his eyes. After I was exonerated, he hugged my shoulders and said, "Jesus. I thought for sure they'd hang you with the other two, Sir." Sparks of jubilation flashed out of his eyes, like blue diamonds, they danced and gleamed with relief. Rarely, before that, had I seen the icy smooth surface of his brow creased with wrinkles, either of doubt or fury...never had he held me so close to his chest. How great his concern for me was! How fortunate I was to have such a friend...and now, such a bodyguard. That may be why they assigned him to me, since we had such a solidly devoted friendship. Little did I know how many other factors had gone into the Brass's decision. I soon found out.

The order came in. They sent a messenger from our group leader to our room. Mack was re-reading the statistics on an infra-red viewfinder for a heat sensor gun. It detected human heat...that is, anything over fifty pounds registered on the tiny screen in the scope. Its range was about a quarter-mile in foliage, about a mile in clear open air. The model was brand-new, and we had it. It was part of the order that was just handed to us. Our "night-vision" heat-detector scope was a port-

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manteau combining a Star-Tron MK 202A for infra-red sighting, and a transistorized full-color heat-detector T.V. monitor model SZ-3. We were also issued two .32 Baretta's, Model 70, with screw-on pipe type silencers; two Uzi submachine guns illegally modified to equip fully automatic-firing... meaning about 300 shots per minute. We were given fully-loaded clips for the Barretta's, twenty boxes of ammo for the submachine guns, and a battery-powered directional shot-gun mike with a mile range.

Our goal was infiltration of an enemy ammunition dumping site in Nicaragua: Top Secret. If we failed, no one would admit our mission existed. If we succeeded, no one would find out except the C.I.A. We were shadows, slithering over a 'non-existent' landscape pierced with enemies. We were to be a team of twenty. Five sets of four. Mack would do double duty as my bodyguard and team partner. We would leave the following morning. Mission: deactivate site with extreme prejudice. Translation: kill every fucking man that moved!

His big ass seemed tiny compared to the rest of him...wide hairy shoulders, and a tiny patch of fur at the base of his powerful back...long thick tree-trunks for legs...

We were airlifted to Panama. There, we were secretly huddled into five Sikorsky S-67 Blackhawk antitank gunships-helicopters to you. Four men to a ship, with a pilot. We downed at dawn, just a few miles south of San Juan del Norte (Greytown). From there, we were on our own. We had to return by noon the following day. No additional pickup flights would return—too risky.

We therefore had three options: succeed and return home; succeed but fail to reach the chopper and be captured; succeed but be killed. We had cyanide capsules for capture prevention. We couldn't talk if we were dead. We couldn't be tortured if we were dead. Failure was simply not acceptable at any level. The mission must be a total success, whether we survived or not. With Mack at my side, my faith in our accomplishing the mission was unshakable. If nothing else, we would survive...we two.

We split up and went in four different directions, all aiming to approach the ammo-base from separate angles at the same time. No walkie-talkies were used. No radios. Our frequency could be intercepted. We were all to hit ground zero at twenty-three hundred: 11 p.m. Dense jungle was no easy field for our "night vision" heat-detector. Our range was barely one hundred yards.

We'd gone maybe half a mile with no trace of guards from our direction. Then...that chilling sound. A land mine had gone off over a rise. We would find out later that it took four of our men with it. We still approached, sighting two guards, facing east. That meant that the base was directly behind them. We circled. Another land mine went off. Metal detectors would have been too heavy and too noisy, so we had none. Now we had lost four more men. The guards didn't move. That meant there were others stationed out there to see the remains of the blasted invaders. Mack was by my side, Hal and Merrick were in front of us. My Uzi snagged a root, and Mack paused to help me out of it. BOOM! Hal and Merrick were gone. Shards hit Mack's backpack, spilling several rounds of ammo, but he was unharmed.

Mack said nothing. He went to Hal's and Merrick's remains and tore free their dog-tags. The darkness of the jungle had kindly shaded their tatterred forms from our eyes. We went on, in a straight line to the heat-outlined images in

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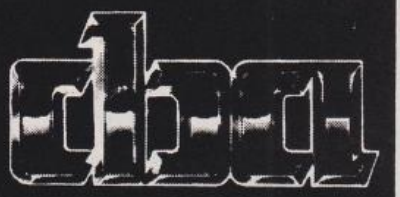

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front of us. Twenty, maybe twenty-five men, moving frantically around a huge cinder-block dwelling, maybe three stories high. This was it. BOOM! Another mine...four more down? Probably. Later we knew for sure. Mack turned, stared at me, then smiled. "Here we go Baby...it's all ours now...you ready?" I was. He leaned to me grabbed my shoulders and kissed me square on the mouth! "That," he whispered, "is in case we don't make it...I want my last memory to be of you...I love you, David." Off we went.

I was stunned, nothing would make me fail now...I WOULD SURVIVE! We slinked to the edge of the clearing. How many were out there, possibly watching us now? Slowly, we split apart. He was ten feet away form me. We left behind our "night-vision" guns and microphones...no need for them now. We slid closer. Four others ran into the camp, with heads... nothing else, just heads in their hands. Laughter reigned. I looked over at Mack. He nodded and moved forward.

Then our guns began. Bodies dropped all around the building. We changed locations twice, flipping deftly through roots and bushes. Mack had taught me well. I was powerful and lithe. More bodies down. We moved again. Grenades hit our last spot...too late...we shot the grenade stash, and seconds later the whole building came apart at the seams. Burning bodies ran out. Hell couldn't smell so vile as this. We moved again, closer to each other now. Silence. If there were others, they were hiding. We moved back to our equipment. We scanned the clearing...no moving bodies...little heat. Their corpses were cooling fast in the night air.

We skulked back to within fifty yards of our rendezvous site. No movement, no sign of anything over fifty pounds of living tissue. We huddled close. "Stage one," my bodyguard whispered in my ear, "all we gotta do is get picked up...let's hope they meant it." There was the chance that there would be *no* pick-up. That none had been planned. We lay waiting for the dawn.

I sat up, leaning on my Uzi, "If telling me you loved me was supposed to keep me alert...it did." He smiled, lying back on the dense wet grass, and said, "I didn't say it for nothin'...I meant it...I *do* love you...no denyin' it, now...we could die here." He rolled slowly over to me and held me against his chest. His gun-belt tugged across it, opening his shirt. He undid the strap, let it slide off and ran his hands over my waist and thighs and ass.

It wasn't as if I thought it *impossible* that he could do this to me...I simply hadn't thought it *AT ALL*! No trace of this thought ever blossomed in my mind. I hadn't even considered the possibility of this moment. But here it was. In a foreign jungle, surrounded by danger, he was kissing me and squeezing my hardening cock. This massive man who'd enlarged my being was now encircling my cock in his hands. His chest smelled wet and tart from his hair-sweat. His nipples poked through the thin undershirt. I tore the shirt open and slid my tongue to his hard-pink erect pellets. He sighed and rolled on top of me, all three hundred pounds!

His cock bulged out in his fatigues. I fumbled for the fly, then out it sprang...thick, hard, hairy, just like the rest of him. His foreskin still hooded the thick head on his cock. I slid it back and let the lube juices flow into my palm. I ravaged his chest and neck with chewing, licking and sucking...it could easily be my *last* meal. He had my cock and balls out, and was stroking slowly on my meat-shaft. We were having at each other like tonight was the last night of our lives...or the first.

"What the fuck took us so long?" I asked, lapping my tongue over his lips. "I always scope out the turf before I close in...I saw only a few quick looks, when you'd see my balls dropping outta the legs o' my boxers...or when we'd shower and you'd wash my back...for a real *long* time...or when you'd be reading and you'd look up, see me sittin' there, then you'd go back to studying...I hadda be sure, Boss...can't wreck my career, y'know," Mack's eyes were shining even in this dark green prison of vines.

He was right. I had lingered over him in the showers, relishing the indulgence of his naked beauty. His big ass seemed tiny compared to the rest of him...wide hairy shoulders, and a tiny patch of fur at the base of his powerful back...long thick tree-trunks for legs...hair everywhere on them...his balls flopped down between his thighs, big plump balls of fur that swing four or five inches below his cock. Then he'd turn around and want to wash *my* back. I'd get a fast glimpse of his cockhead peeking out from under his soaped foreskin. It swung for several seconds after he turned to face me. Then I gave him my back to wash and prayed I wouldn't get hard.

Now...that hard-on was at full tilt. Months of seeing him lumber in my room with only his boxers on...months of stolen stares at the folds of cloth that molded his big hairy hog. The hog I was holding now had grown twice the size of the bulge I'd only glimpsed before. Our rods rubbed into each other as we pumped on them. I wanted to gobble every fat inch of his cock. He beat me to it. With the swiftness of a hummingbird, and without a sound, he maneuvered us face-to-cock. Finally...fuckin' *finally* it waved in my face..ready...ready for me to swallow all his porker.

With the same rapt devotion Mack had given to pumping iron, he was now pumping, nursing and swallowing my cock. His deep groanings gave evidence of how long and how frantically he'd waited for me. I was surrounded by his smells in every fold of his sweaty fatigues. His balls plopped out of his fly and rubbed my chin. His cock slid down my gagging gullet...fat and long as it was, I wasn't going to stop until every inch was in me. Then I furrowed my nose into his tangled bristly cock-bush. I had all of him now.

Then, as quickly as a surgeon, Mack sliced open the seam of my ass with his knife. I felt his stubbled chin rub between my cheeks and find the puckered button he was looking for. We couldn't risk taking off our clothes in case we had to run, so Mack did the next best thing. His nose sniffed deep into my hole, opening me for his

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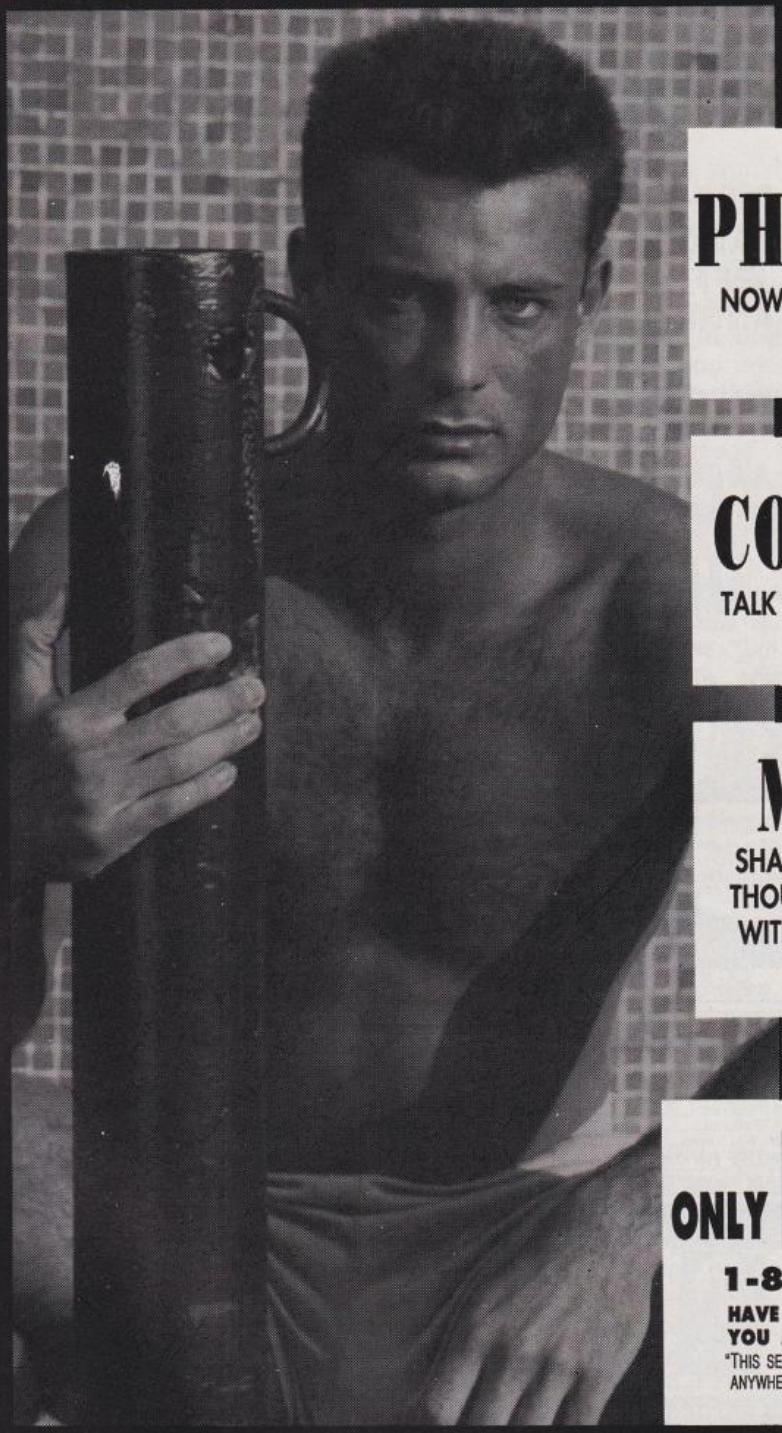

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cock. He rolled me over, barely missing our shotgun mike. It was on, rotating at slow speed to pick up any stray sounds within fifty yards. The only sounds I heard were Mack tearing open a safe from his vest pocket, then sqirting lube at my asshole. Always prepared, always perfect, this man was.

He lay on top of me, hovering on his knees and palms, whispering, "let it in David...I won't move...jes' slide on up to my cock...that's it...ooooo...God, I've wanted that hot butt of yers...good...good...I'm almost in...feel that big cock in you now? Yeahhh...good, David...it's in there...God, that fuckin' hole o' yers is boilin' hot an' tight as a vice...mmmm...gimme that rod o' yers." He reached under me and made a fist around my hard-on. I slid in and out of his fingers while he rocked his bone into me. His wet hot mouth licked all over the back of my neck. His big hard hands made a perfect fuck-hole for me, and I writhed on his cock while fucking his fist. Man, he had some fury in him. I *was* his new path...and he was clearing his way into me.

We rocked and fucked and licked and kissed for who knows how long. Mack was pumping faster now, pressing me onto his fist so I'd cum with him. His breath came in spasms and gags as he fucked deeper and harder into me. I was feeling the cum rise into my balls. They tingled and boiled at his touch. As my cock was fired to shoot, I heard a faint noise from the mike's speaker. Copters were coming for us! My load shot hot and free into Mack's hand...saved...saved! Mack plowed into me and I could feel his cockhead swelling...his load was filling that condom...probably *over*-filling it! He gasped and thrashed, hissing into my ear, "cummminnnggggg...aaahhhhh...Daviiiid; God; fuckin' goooooooood!" He pulled out of me and let the overfilled condom spill its juice on my fatigues.

The copters sounded louder and louder now. We shut off the mike, smashed it and the heat-detector, and every other piece of equipment but our guns. No need for extra weight on our flight to the choppers. Mack chuckled at the cum all over my ass, then rubbed mud into it. "Can't let them see that, now can we?" he laughed. Then...the run: twenty yards to the beach. If there were any survivors from that ammo-dump, they'd run to blast these choppers. But they were gun-ships, with metal sides and small gunsites in the walls of the ship. Once inside, most bullets couldn't penetrate the outer shell. We *ran*! Four choppers hovered, ropes dangling. We were close to the first one when two rebels started firing out of the jungle. I grabbed the rope, Mack hanging beside me. The chopper dragged us out to the sea, out of range. We climbed the long ladder to safety.

As I slid past the pilot, my ass was wide open in the back. The pilot laughed and said, "made it by the seat o' yer drawers, Captain!" Mack swatted my butt and we went back into the cabin.

The seats are low-slung to the floor and close together on either side of the cabin. Mack sat behind me. I was writing the briefs for HQ. He leaned forward with his cock out. He slid it under the opening at the bottom of my seat-back...right up to the lips of my asshole. "Jes takin' good care o' that body o' yers, Sir," he grinned. "Jes doin' my job." The noise of the chopper drowned out our playing. I rode Mack's cock all the way home to native soil.

The debriefing was quick, but I was asked by Colonel Edwards to see him in his office afterwards. Mack went with me, of course, as my body-guard. Edwards beamed at us as we walked in and sat in the over-stuffed leather chairs by his desk. He began, "I knew if *anyone* would make it back, it'd be you two...I knew when I assigned MacQuarrie to you, he'd make you two an unbeatable combination. You see, I happen to believe the Spartans had a great idea for their army...they'd place lovers side by side so neither would dare look cowardly in front of the other...nice to see some ancient tenets still hold up. Dismissed."

My jaw almost dragged on the floor as we left. Mack just grinned that crooked half-smile of his. "Guess he knew 'fore we did, sir." I wrapped my arm on my body-guard's shoulder and left HQ.

Back in our rooms, Mack immediately stripped and tumbled me onto his big bed. I held him close, finally able to love him on safe grounds...no cameras in these rooms. He held me and slid into me before I even knew what hit me. His grin lit up the room. "You're doin' real well on your new path, Mack...or should I say *IN* your new path." He rode me into the night, taking real good care of my body. ■

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JOSH'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

"NOW! I'm gonna blow it in yer face, MOTHERRRR FUUUUCKER!," as he had torn the tumescent cock rod from his own mouth and then whipped it like a mace against the battered, yet eager, lips of his handsome captive.

"AAAAAAAAh!" Rick wailed, as he felt his own cock's cream, hot explosive jets, exploring the depths of the monster man's ass. Using every ounce of strength he could muster, the hot man pistoned his cock upward in hard thrusts. His body tensed, then trembled.

Josh felt the white-hot fire of creamy thick jizz lashing the insides of his painfully-excited asshole. The fat dick swelling and slamming forced Josh's hole to open and close. The bruised sphincter tensed. Josh's balls could no longer restrain their pent-up load. They spewed their heavy burden.

Uncontrollably, strings of coagulated seed forced their way through Josh's constricted piss tube. Too long held, the over ripe mucilage blasted onto Rick's waiting, pleasure-agonized, face. It hung there, in clotted globs, like chunks of white gelatin, quivering from the force of Josh's dick being whipped against Rick's beet-red face. They were both spent.

"Sorry I was so wild! Dunno what got inta me...friends?"

"FRIENDS! For a long time, I hope." They embraced in a greasy, cum-sticky bear hug and smiled sheepishly at one another.]

Had a damn good time with old Ricky. Think I made a new buddy. Guess we got us some pretty fun times comin', too. Need to sleep. More tomorrow.

[These, my friends, are just a few of Josh's entries. There's a lot of hot ones past, and I'm sure, plenty of hot ones to 'come.' (It's true that practice makes perfect, and Josh gets about as much practice as anybody.) Who knows? If Josh doesn't kill me over this, I may just sit down and write a book about him, so keep on the look out for, MORE OF JOSH'S JERK-OFF JOURNAL.] ■

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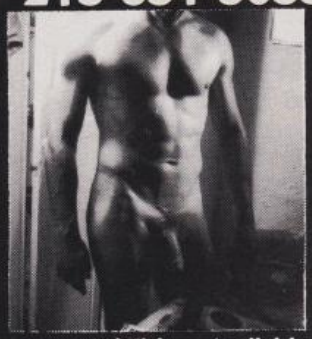

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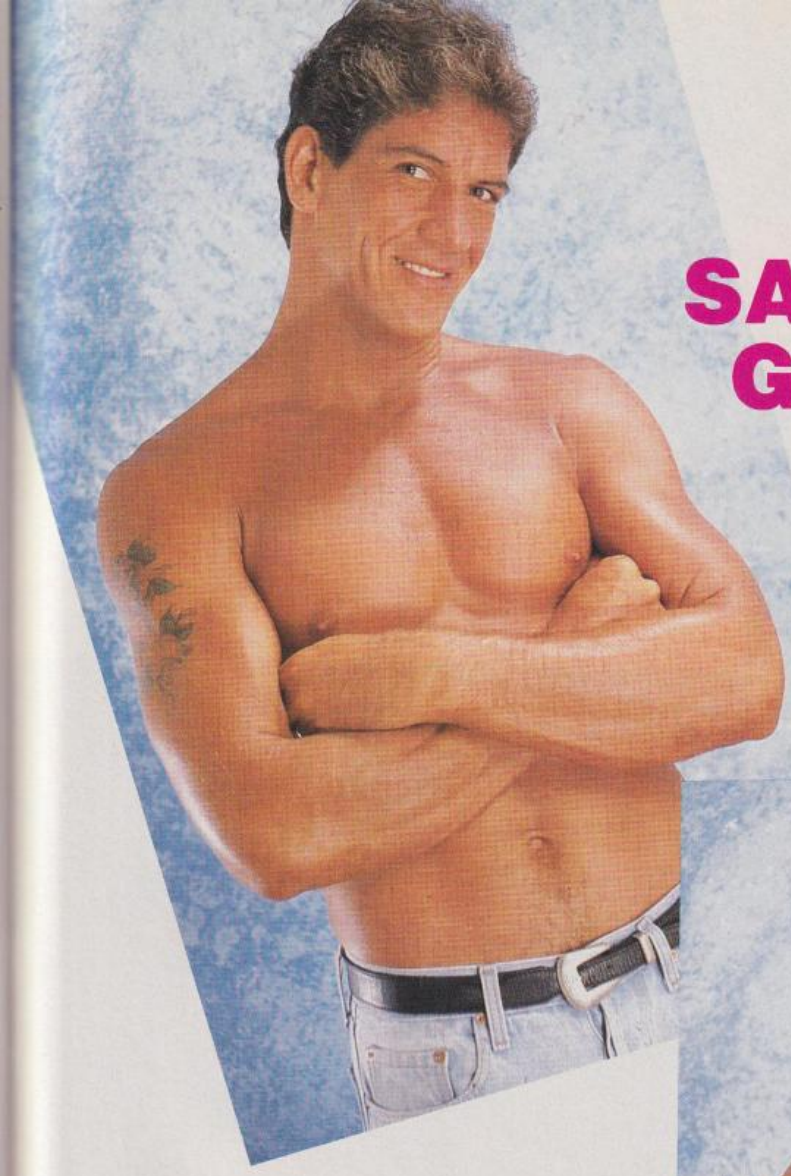

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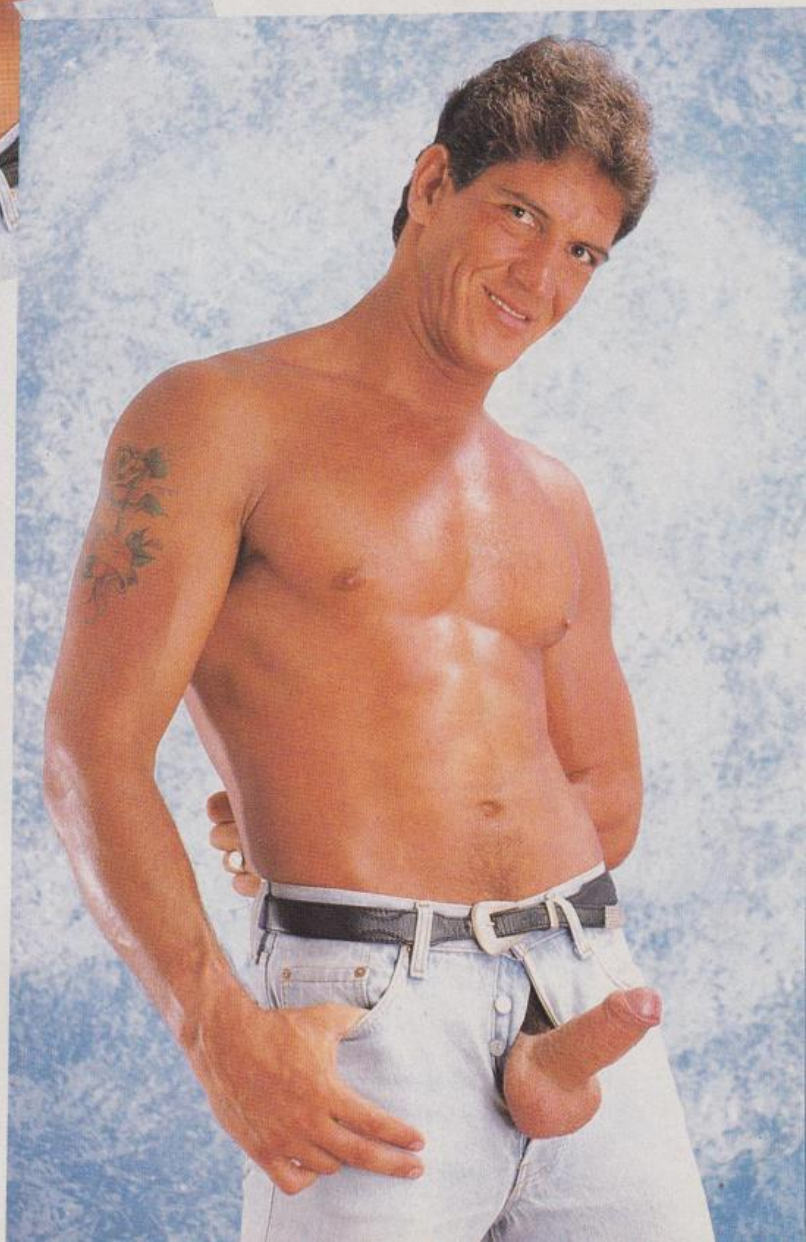

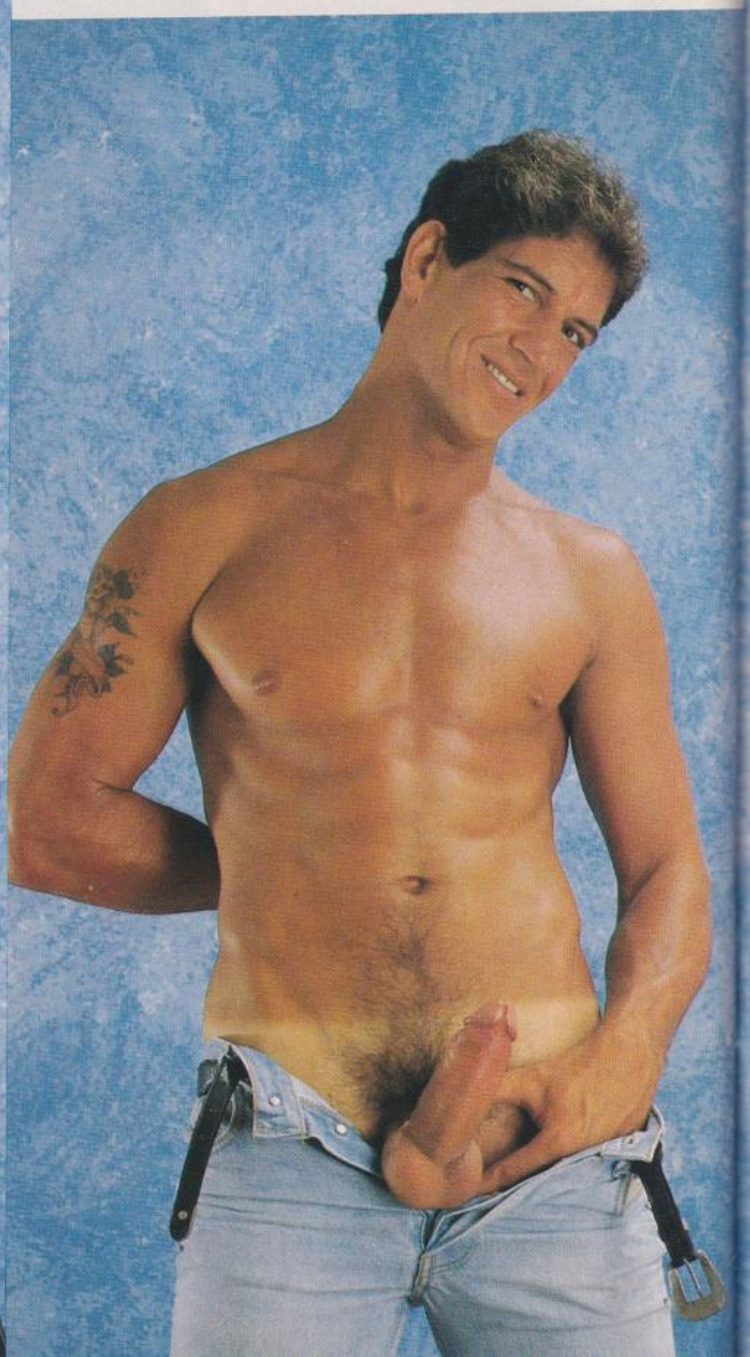

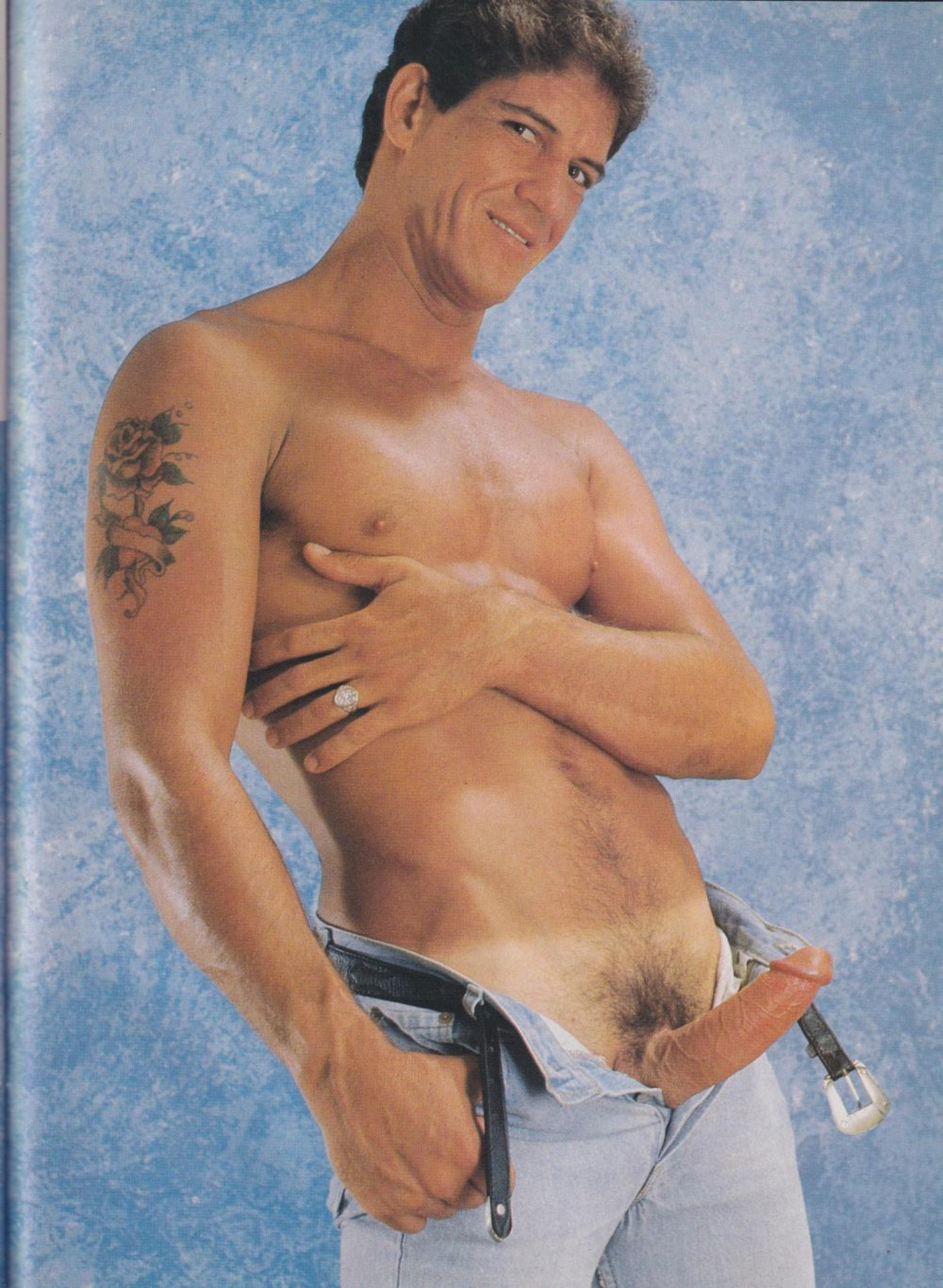

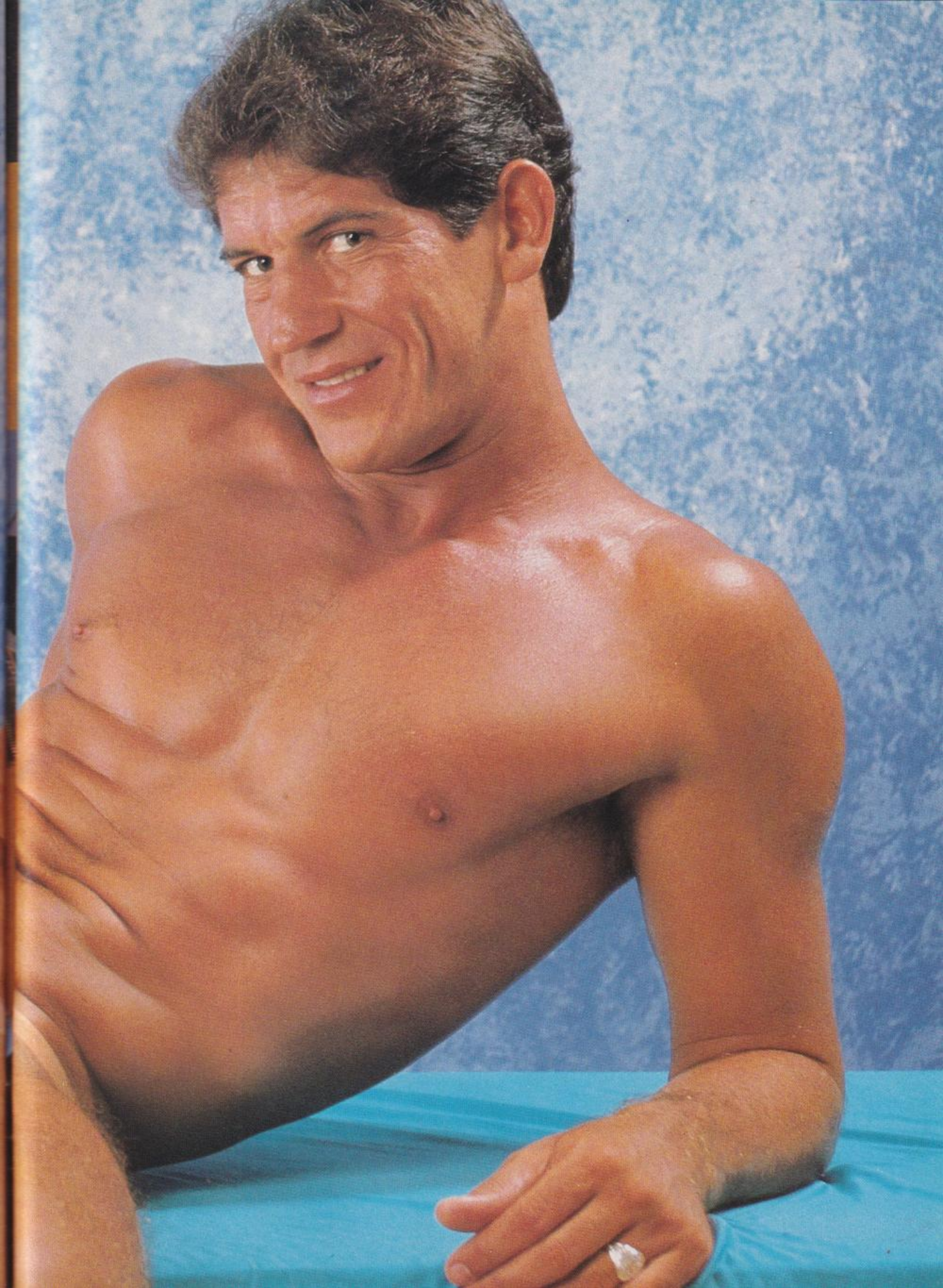

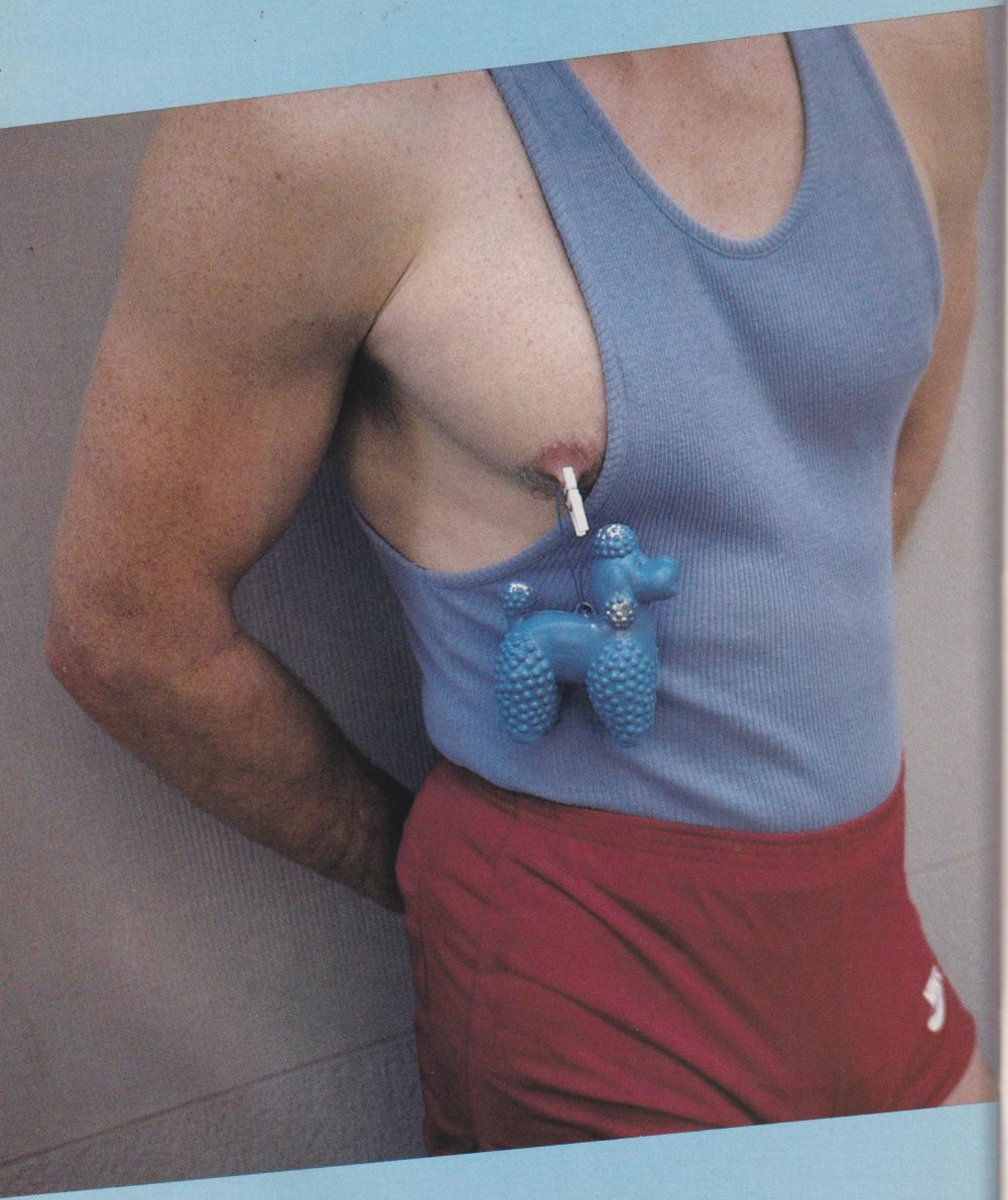

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So you want to be a bartender. In a gay bar. The perfect job, right? Wrong. At one time, I thought that working behind a gay bar would be an ideal occupation. I longed for it, I wished for it. You wouldn't have to hide your sexuality (in the days before gay liberation), you would have endless opportunities for cruising, you could make many friends, you would be admired, looked up to, envied. That's what I thought the life of a gay bartedner would be. That was before I go the job.

Essentially, bartenders at swinging gay establishment are young. It's not a rule, of course, but it's generally true. Young can mean in your 20s, 30, rarely 40s. When I applied for a job at a gay bar I was 43 years old. An outrageous 43, but 43 nevertheless.

When I say outrageous, I should explain, because I believe my outrageousness helped get me the job. I always walked that extra mile. When I went to a bar and saw some dude with the sleeves cut off his shirt, I would cut the sleeves off my shirt. And I'd also cut off the collar. I'd see a dude with a crew cut head, I'd shave my head within a quarter-inch of my scalp. When most gay men wore their 501s with the bottom button unbuttoned, I'd unbutton my top button. I'd play a game of pool at the bar wearing a pair of overalls unbuttoned at the sides and no shorts.

And at 43 I looked younger, or so I'd been told. I don't know why. It must be a state of mind. Or it's in the genes (or jeans) At any rate, when a bartending position opened at a local gay bar I frequented, I applied for the job. About a month later, I got the job. It was strictly a beer-and-wine dive, no hard booze.

The pay was not what you could call top-scale. In fact, it wasn't even minimum wage. Law-wise, bars and restaurants are probably exempt from the minimum wage requirement. I was to be paid one dollar an hour. One single dollar. But there were other benefits. The main one being, along with the job I also was given an apartment in a building behind the bar, which was owned by the owners of the bar.

The apartment was pleasant, a large one bedroom. So, in addition to the one dollar an hour I was to earn as bartender, I also received an apartment, rent-free. At that time, the apartments in that building rented for about three hundred a month.

I know a dollar an hour sounds a ridiculous wage, and it is, but what with the apartment thrown in, I thought it a pretty good deal. And, of course, the reason the wages were so absurdly low, was because most of the money to be made behind the bar comes from tips. I'll get to that later.

I began to work a day shift at the

BY JACK RICARDO
PHOTO BY CITYBOY

bar, to become oriented to the place. For the first two days, I was on with another bartender who trained me, an old hand, so to speak. The bar opened at noon, so we were expected to be there at eleven. The first thing we had to do was mop the floor. I'd get a bucket of water, a mop, and swab the filthy deck. We had to clean the john, toilet, urinal and sink.

The bar where I worked also had an outdoor patio. Actually, the patio served the same purpose as a back-room bar. This was in the days before the AIDS epidemic hit hard. We had to pick up last night's empty beer cans, empty mugs, empty cigarette packs, used and unused condoms, dirty underwear. Then we had to rake up the patio. This chore complete, we went back inside the bar.

Now it was time to restock the juices, the wines, wipe and shine the pinball machines, the video machines, pop popcorn, arrange the tapes for the daily music, fill up the three sinks—one for washing, one for rinsing, one for cleansing—wash the dirty beer mugs, put them in the freezer, replace any empty kegs of beer. We checked our cash register in.

At noon, we opened the door for business. And we worked through the day, tending bar. Our replacement came on the job at eight pm.m. We checked our register out, they checked theirs in. We who worked the day shift toiled a nine hour day, with no lunch or dinner break.

The night shift, as I said, began at eight o'clock. At that time, the bar was usually on the verge of being busy, so we on the night shift quickly checked our register in, then hopped to it, serving customers. The bar closed its doors at four in the morning. Which is not to say all the patrons left at that time.

We just closed and locked the doors. Any customers who were still in the bar, could stay till five. When they left, the real work began.

We had to pick up all the empty beer cans from the shelves around the bar, from the pinball machines, from the floor, from the john. We bagged the cans. We had to gather together the mugs from inside the bar, place them in the three sinks to soak overnight. We emptied the ashtrays and left them to soak in one of the tubs. We restocked the beer coolers, can for can. We wiped the bar down and shined the chrome up. We brushed down the pool table. We placed the stools on the bar. Then we had to sweep the floor. You'd be surprised how much debris accumulates on a bar-room floor. Enough to fill a large plastic bag to bulging. We'd lock up, take the garbage bags with us, tossing them in the dumpster around the corner, then go home. By then, it was usually around six-thirty in the a.m. and the sun was coming up. A ten and half hour night, with no lunch break, no dinner break.

All of the above is the work we as bartenders had to do. Aside from waiting customers, all this work had to be done either before the bar opened or after it closed.

Waiting on customers is another story.

In the beginning, I worked two day shifts and two night shifts. The day shift is, of course, slower than the night shift. The day begins leisurely, a customer strolls in, strolls out. Daytime regulars begin to wander in, you get to know them, enjoy chatting. The regular daytimers were never big tippers, but they were steady tippers and usually good company. And they drank a lot, alcoholics to the core.

One of the nice parts about working days is, you get to know your customers a little better. Since the bar is never that crowded, especially during the early part of the day, you can chat, cruise. And, I guess it's true what they say about bartenders, they have to be part psychiatrist. When I say psychiatrist, I mean that the bartender becomes someone for the customer to talk to. If the customer is happy, he'll tell you all the reasons why. If he's sad, he'll let you know every detail of his misery. A bartender doesn't have to offer advice, he just has to listen. I'm a good listener.

Then there are times during the day when a customer comes in who you turn on to, and vice versa. You flirt, enjoy each other's company. But by the time your shift ends, usually the customer is too drunk to care or he's gone for the day.

Near five o'clock, when most people were getting off from work, Happy Hour began. Happy Hour varies from bar to bar. At my place, between five and seven p.m., we gave every customer every other drink at half price. With a full bar, and it often was overflowing at Happy Hour, it can be difficult to remember which drink you were serving which customer, his first or second.

Along about seven o'clock, the Happy Hour crowd was gone. A few happy drunken stragglers would stick around, some early evening revelers would wander in. By the time eight o'clcock came around, your feet were weary, you were ready to knock off for the night. You'd check your register out, the night bartender would check his in. Then you'd either unwind and hang around as a customer for a time, paying for all your own drinks, or head home to count your tips.

On the worst day shift, I collected near twenty dollars in tips. On the best, a little over forty. An average was about thirty dollars a day.

The night shift was very different from the day. For one thing, the bar had more customers. You had to be on your toes. As the night progressed, and more men came in, you worked hard trying to satisfy all, without having anyone wait too long. The peak hour was usually near one a.m. The crowd would be happy and rowdy, they'd drink more, tip more, you'd work harder, rushing from one end of the bar to the other, snapping open beer cans, pouring juices, pouring wine, taking money, giving change.

All the time you hopped around, you also were in charge of the booming stereo tape player. When one tape was running low, and you had to sense this rather than know it, you'd have to prepare another tape on the other reel, ready to take over and blend in before the first tape ended. One of the first laws of this bar, was, never let the music wind down. That required a certain knack.

When it neared three a.m. (four, on a weekend), Last Call was

called. The bar could either be crowded or near empty, depending on whether it was a weeknight or a weekend. Either way, you sold a lot of beer at Last Call. People who stay around a bar that late at night don't want the night to end.

At four (or five on weekends) you ushered out the last stragglers, gently if possible. Forcefully, if necessary. You picked up the drunk who had passed out on the patio, tried to sober him up, send him on his way. The last customer gone, you closed out the register, cleaned up, went home and counted the nights tips.

On my worst night shift, I netted thirty dollars. On the best night, seventy five. An average was sixty bucks a night in tips.

So, money-wise, tending a gay bar, wasn't bad. Counting tips, salary (so-called), the rent-free apartment, the average wage was about $350 a week. A living wage.

But being a bartender, there's more to the money situation than wages and tips. Each bartender has to possess his own bank. That is, before he begins a shift, he must have a certain amoujnt of one dollar bills, fives, tens, twenties; a certain amount of coins, quarters, nickles, dimes. Pennies were unnecessary, although you sometimes received them in tips. You need all this money when you open the register on the day shift, before you begin to sell booze. You need it for change for the customer. You need it to cash checks for customers, which we were required to do. (But if the check bounced, it came out of our pocket.) You needed it for the man who delivered the cases and kegs of beer and expected cash in return.

You need your bank for the night shift because the day bartender takes all the cash out of the register when he closes it out.

To start, as my bank, I had to have three hundred dollars in cash, of my own money, and that barely saw me through the day. As my weeks progressed, my bank totalled five hundred bucks each week. This was money out of my own pocket. Basically, it was useless as my own money. I coudn't spend it, I needed it to open the register each day. And I couldn't put it in the bank to draw interest. As a bartender, I was required to have it on hand. And the owners did not supply the bank.

In fairness to the owners, at one time they did supply the bank for each bartenders. But one former bartender absconded with his bank, never to be seen again.

Money is important to a bartender. But that's only one side of the story. Another side, is dealing with customers. I never agreed with the saying, "The customer is always right." But when I was behind the bar, I tried to treat all customers alike. A difficult chore. Because they're not all alike. Some are friendly, some are not. Some are loud, some are quiet. Some are too aggressive, some aren't aggressive enough. But by and large, I think I did treat my customers okay, and pretty much equal, most of the time.

Occasionally I'd have a problem with thieves. A customer who nursed his drink would steal my tips off the bar. When this happened, I could never catch the thief in the act, but I would keep an extra-careful watch on the suspect. But that was a minor difficulty.

But the music became a real problem for me. For some reason, some customers prefer the music loud. That's not my preference as a bartender or as a customer. But in this bar, loud music was the rule. Now, there is loud and there is LOUD. But it seems that my loud was never loud enough for some. I often got requests from the same customers, to please turn the music up. Mosttimes I complied, reluctantly. I tried to satisfy the customer. But, as a bartender, you're also a human being, subject to moods, both good and bad. And sometimes the loudness of the music had me climbing the walls. One night, a steady customer, being particularly obnoxious, or maybe it was just my mood, kept asking me to turn up the music. Each time, I counted to ten and complied, slightly. He asked again. I complied again. His requests were endless. Finally, I flipped. I shouted in his ear over the blaring music that if asked me to turn the music up one more time, I would punch him out. He slouched away. I think it was at that time, I figured my career as a bartender was coming near an end.

But I neglected to mention one other important aspect of being a bartender at this particular bar. I saved the worst for last. Guarding the door. One night a week, each bartender was required to work the door. This bar wasn't in the friendliest of neighborhoods, and the guard basically had to watch to assure that none of the patrons cars were tampered with.

Standing outside the door, you also were supposed to be on guard

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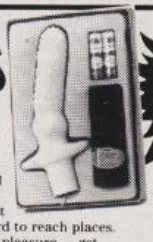

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against undesirables entering the bar. That is, straight people who would mistake it for one of their own. That was never a big problem. The bar was known around town as being notoriously gay.

I did have other problems working the door, though. I was shot at. Some pissant straight punks would ride by, aiming and shooting a BB gun. They almost hit me, too. I heard the "whack" slap the wooden fence behind my head. I also at different times had to duck beer bottles thrown from a passing car and disparaging remarks. And not only from passing cars. On occasion some punky neighborhood kids would walk past the bar, mouthing insulting remarks. After they walked passed, they would turn and fling an empty bottle in my direction. Luckily, I was swift enought or their aim was lousy enough and they never hit their mark.

But the worst part of working as guard, is boredom. You stand outside for endless evening hours watching the moon in the sky slowly wending its way west. Hardly inspiring. Occasionally some customers would join you and chat. But never for long, and then you'd go back to moonwatching. I hated working the door with a grand passion. It wasn't the minimal amount of danger that irked me. That I could cope with. It was the boredom. Your mind turned to mush. There was never even enough light to read a book or a magazine. And there was another factor that worked against guarding the door. You were still paid one dollar an hour. And you collected no tips.

Another essential part of my job as bartender, or any job for that matter, was dealing with the various personalities of the other employees, the other bartenders. In most cases, this was not a problem. I can get along pretty well with just about anyone. In fact, in only one case did a clash with a bartender turn disturbing. This particular young bartender didn't like me. I never could figure out why. Unless it was because he was always strung out on drugs, and I was the opposite. I didn't do any drugs at all.

I was working guard on his bar. When the night ended, I went in, locked the door, and began to help him clean up for the night. He was stoned out of his gourd, viciously so. His lover was inside the bar with him, sittiing in a corner passively, waiting to go home. The bartender began an absurd argument with me. At the time I didn't know what set him off. I still don't. He began yelling, shouting, raging in my face, grabbing beer mugs, smashing them to the floor.

After a horrendous night on the door, I didn't need these childish tantrums. I went to the door, unlocked it. I felt and saw a full beer can whiz by head, missing by an inch. I walked out and went home.

The next day I told the owner I wouldn't work with the paranoid bastard again. The owner asked me why. I told him. Nothing was done or said to the bartender.

I decided to leave the bartending business. I gave the owner two weeks notice. He asked me why. It wasn't a difficult question to answer. I didn't enjoy bartending. The work was too hard for the money offered. I didn't particularly like dealing with customers I didn't particularly like. I didn't like the hours I had to work, and could never get used to going to bed at seven or eight in the morning. I never slept very soundly during the day. I didn't like working nine hours and more without a break. I didn't enjoy mopping floors and cleaning toilets. I didn't relish picking up somebody else's used condoms. The young druggie bartender was driving me bats. The list goes on. But the main reason, the primary reason that made me quit the job tending the gay bar, was working guard duty at night. I hated it.

No doubt, working behind a gay bar at another establishment would be different from the experience I had. The pay scale would probably be different, the customers different, the problems different. The sickos different. And I've known bartenders who love their work. So if you want to tend a gay bar, give it a try. But don't expect too much. It's not the gay world on a string.

If nothing else, I learned one solid truth from my experience behind the bar. I've learned that an old saying is true. "Be careful what you wish for, you might get it." I got it. I didn't want it. ■

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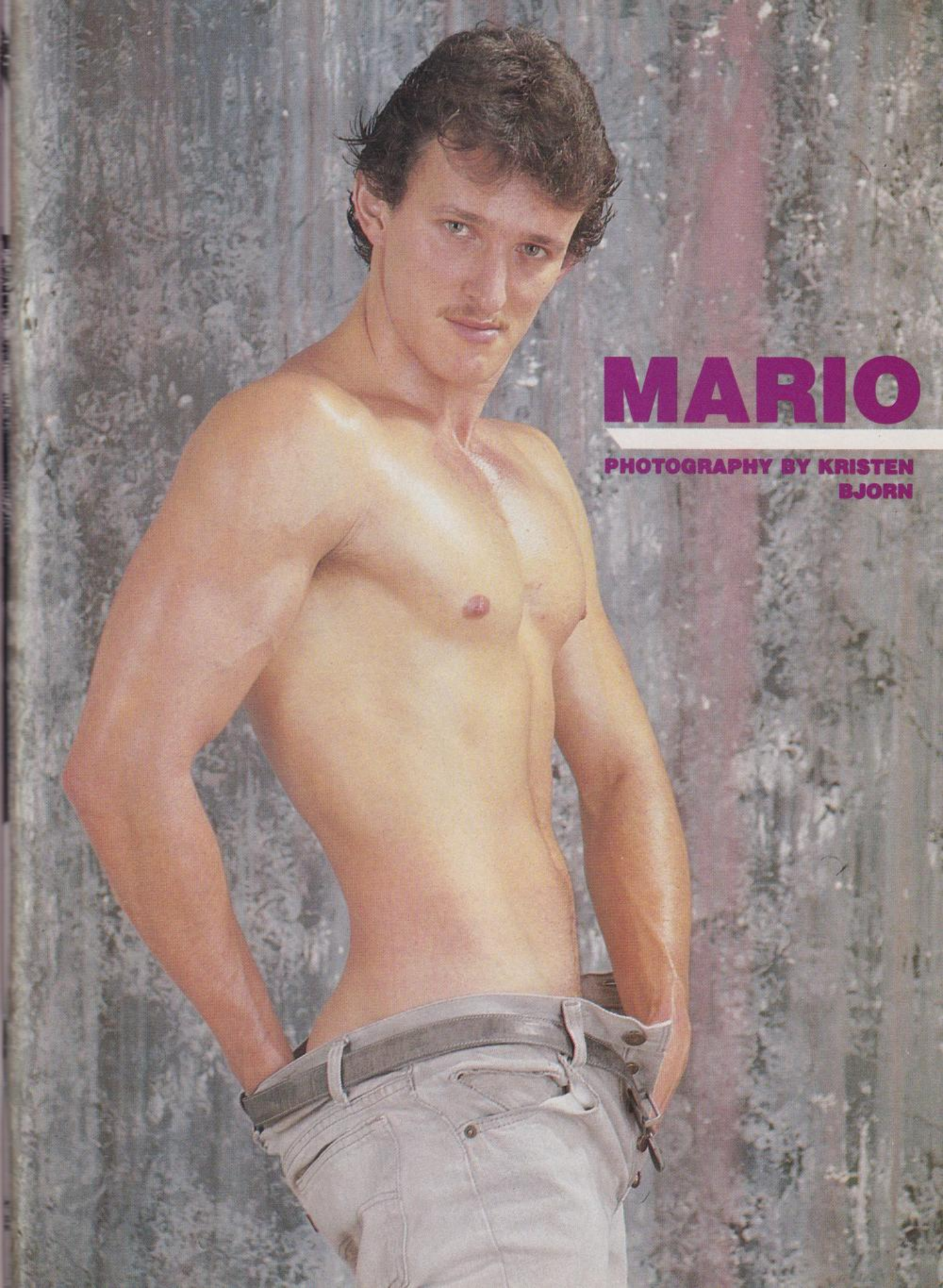

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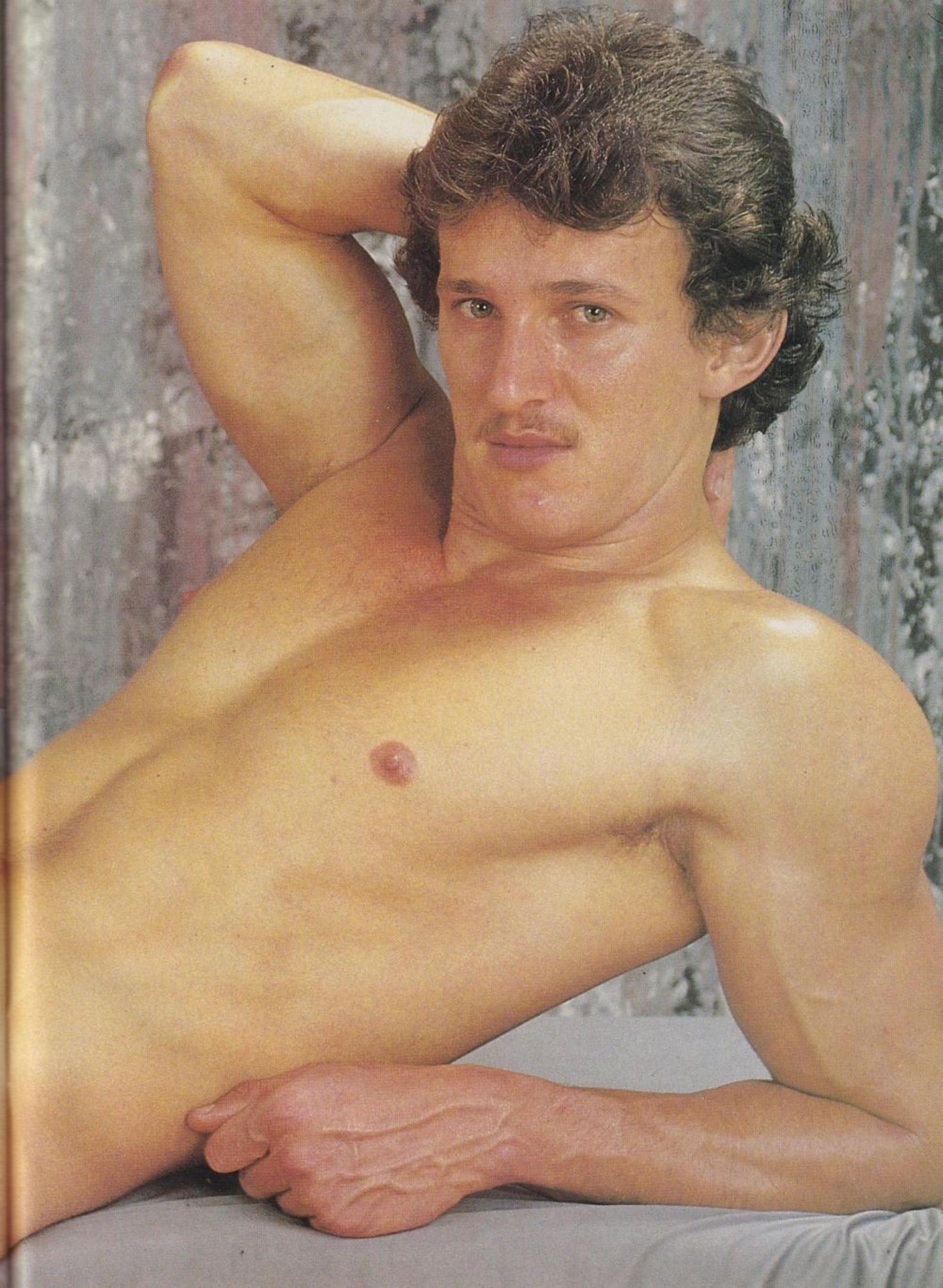

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